

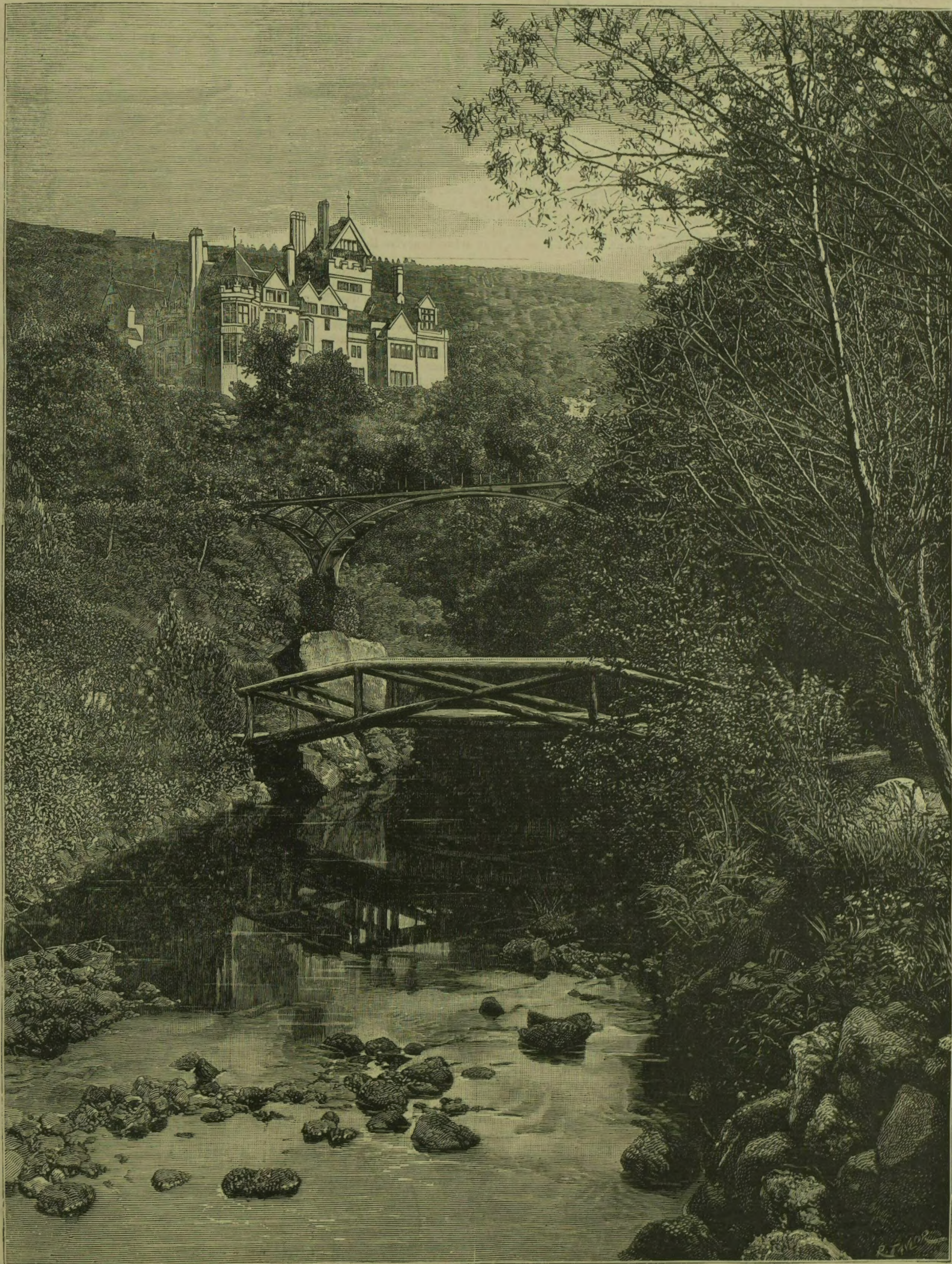
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CRAGSIDE, ROTHBURY, NORTHUMBERLAND, SEAT OF SIR W. ARMSTRONG, TO BE VISITED BY THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

OUR NOTE BOOK

There lately died at Paris the Princess de la Moskowa, widow of Edgar Ney, youngest son of the "bravest of the brave," and Grand Huntsman to the late Emperor Napoleon III., from whom he received the title of Prince de la Moskowa on the death of his eldest brother, in 1857. The second brother, who was the Duc d'Elchingen, died during the Crimean War, and his son, the second Duc d'Elchingen, came to a mysterious end a few years ago. It was the first Prince de la Moskowa's daughter who became so painfully conspicuous in the public papers by reason of the ruin in which she was involved with her husband, the Duc de Persigny. A great name has seldom been associated with so much of the brilliant and the somber, of fortune and misfortune. The late Princess de la Moskowa had two husbands in succession, and each of them was the son of a hero who had been shot; her first husband was the son of General Labédoyère, who was tried by court-martial and shot, and her second was Edgar Ney, whose father met the same fate under similar circumstances. To complete the strange story, Mademoiselle Cécile Ney d'Elchingen, grand-daughter of the first Duc d'Elchingen, lately married a great-grandson of ex-King Murat, which ex-King was also tried by court-martial and shot. The last case looks like sympathy extending to the third and fourth generation.

Brighton races are evidently not what they were, though they are still financially successful and multitudinously attended. The Cup last week was turned into a mile handicap, with 500 sovs., commonly called a "monkey," added to a sweepstakes; and the tendency of the age is towards handicaps, distances of not more than a mile, and "added" money: nevertheless only three very moderate performers appeared at the post. The days are past when the Brighton Cup, then represented by a "Gold Cup, value 100 gs., given by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales," would be won by such a grand horse as Orville, son of Beningbrough, or such a grand mare as Meteor, daughter of Meteor, and when the "First Gentleman" would be driven on to the course (dressed in a green coat and very tight nankeen pantaloons) in his own four-horse phaeton, with Dr. Johnson's young friend, Sir John Lade, Bart., for coachman. The Cup has certainly since those days been won by an Isonomy and a Marie Stuart, but it was then worth more than 100 gs.; and now 500 sovs. are not a sufficiently powerful bait. Perhaps the old style of sportsmen were weak-minded enough to value the Cup on account of the donor; and that sentiment may even now be not altogether extinct.

Somebody from time to time "bestrides the narrow world, like a Colossus," whether a Caesar, or a Napoleon, or a Bismarck; but there is no reason why we Englishmen should "creep under his huge legs and peep about, To find ourselves dishonourable graves." The newspapers seem to attach rather more importance than they need to the frowns and smiles of Prince Bismarck, so far as England is concerned. Suppose he is angry with us, suppose he did instruct Count Münster to withhold the favour of his countenance from Lord Granville at the Conference, we are very sorry, of course; but he can be angry if he pleases. We were not to be bullied by Colossus Napoleon; and it is to be hoped that we are not to be bullied by Colossus Bismarck. Besides, it is far more likely that the Germans declined to interfere at the Conference lest they should appear to wantonly oppose France, than because they were offended with us.

August, let people say what they will, is the most glorious, the ripest of months, if only it be fine weather. It is the month for the lotus-eaters, a month when it always seems afternoon, a month when everything takes on a mellow, moonlike tinge, without the moonlike frigidity. August is, *par excellence*, the fruitful month; and the French Republicans were right to dub it *Fructidor*.

There are really plenty of funny things in life, if only one had spirits to enjoy them. For instance, the Royal Proclamation against immorality, of which we have heard so much lately, came out first under the auspices of Charles the Second; and gentlemen who lose their money by "backing the favourite" at a horse-race (of which frequent and striking cases occurred at Brighton last week) are called "the talent." This is severe, but facetious.

Mention is made of a certain Senorita Dora Castillanos, who is said to have beaten a crack fencing-master of Madrid with the foils the other day, and the fact has been commented upon as if fencing were a new exercise for women to take up. But, if there be still an Angelo in existence in England—an Angelo of the old "school of arms" in St. James's-street, he would probably be able to tell how Englishwomen years ago received lessons in fencing from his family, and acquitted themselves very creditably.

When some months ago many lives were lost owing to a fire at a Continental theatre, the officials who have charge of playhouses in this country became very busy. All sorts of new regulations were made, some theatres were ordered to be rebuilt, and hardly any place of amusement passed the authoritative inspection without having to submit to structural alterations. Amongst the most heartily approved of innovation was an iron curtain. That it would shut out from the audience a fire on the stage is obvious, but the danger admittedly arises not so much from the fire itself as from a panic amongst the spectators, who, in their anxiety to escape, crush and trample one another to death. At the Court Opera-House, Vienna, on Friday last a new danger presented itself. The iron curtain fell with a terrible crash, causing a dense cloud of dust to rise, and naturally frightening the audience out

of their wits. A rush for the doors was happily obviated; but it would have been grim justice had the fire preventive occasioned an excited exodus, with fatal results.

The Crown Prince and Princess of Prussia, with their family, went to Shanklin last week in the Alberta, which lay off in the bay while the Royal visitors spent an hour or two with Prince and Princess Hermann of Saxe-Weimar at the Spa Hotel. Ten years ago the Prussian Royalties were present at the opening of a new organ at St. Saviour's-on-the-Cliff, and they not only seemed pleased on Thursday to greet an old acquaintance in the person of the Vicar, but noted the many improvements which have been made since their last visit to that lovely spot.

Apropos of the inauguration of George Sand's statue on the 10th at La Châtre, is a curious little anecdote about her. She once conceived an intense admiration for a German composer, and wrote for him the libretto of an opera. Not being very familiar with the French language, the musician went conscientiously to work and set every phrase to music, not omitting the stage directions. At last the gifted authoress was invited to come to a rehearsal; but when she heard a chorus of villagers singing "He goes out by the back door, He goes out by the back door," she snatched up her manuscript and departed. Nothing more was heard of her opera, and it is not recorded whether the composer regretted his lost labour.

Sir Robert Peel is a brave man, and, in spite of the gout, is preparing to wage war against the Royal Academy. What, he asks, becomes of its funds? They cannot all be spent on the annual dinner and soirée. And why does it never produce a statement of accounts? And why does it charge a shilling a head for admission to its exhibitions? These are pertinent questions, and, in these days of change, perhaps the Academy will have to submit to disestablishment. Even if it be so, true art will survive the disruption.

Mr. Charles Comte, the well-known director of the Bouffes-Parisiens, and son of the celebrated physician of that name, died on Monday. His wife was a daughter of Offenbach: and those who remember how gaily the marriage was celebrated at the Villa Orphée, at Etretat, also remember how the bride's father left the dinner-table, from time to time, till at last one or two guests followed, and saw him go to the piano, where he worked at a few bars of the "Bergers," which was the piece with which the Bouffes reopened after its autumn holiday.

Fire is no respecter of persons or of works of art, and has just played Madame Sarah Bernhardt a very unkind trick. She left home last week for a short sojourn at Eaux Bonnes, and could scarcely have reached the railway station when a servant discovered that the bed curtains in the room she had just quitted were on fire. It was speedily extinguished, and the drapery will be easily replaced, but smoke and flame have cruelly injured the beautiful ceiling painted by Georges Clairin with "The Triumph of Venus."

The two new salons at the Louvre containing the collection left by the late M. Thiers to his compatriots were opened on Friday last week, and can hardly be considered a valuable addition to the national treasures. There are about twenty mediocre copies from Michael Angelo, Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, Rubens, and Titian, a quantity of Chinese porcelains, pictures, and bronzes, some enamels, ivories, and lacquers, and a few snuff-boxes. At one time Mlle. Dosne contemplated adding to these valuables a necklace formerly worn by her sister, the wife of the "little great man," but was fortunately dissuaded.

That thieves are sometimes ingenious in other crafts besides their own has just been proved at Karthaus, in Bohemia, where a young man who is serving a term of five years' imprisonment for robbery has, without the aid of a single tool, constructed a watch which will go for six hours without winding up. It consists of morsels of thread and straw, two needles, a pin, and a piece of paper for the dial plate.

National predilections survive long, and the French Canadians are devoting themselves to the culture of the edible frog. The hind quarters being cut off in the most approved manner, are sent across the frontier, and form a new delicacy in the large cities of the United States, where they are highly appreciated.

What is the world coming to in the way of amusements? Last week a goodly gathering of "notables" in art and culture were conveyed by special train to a friend's house in the country where gifted musicians and singers woke the echoes of the park with voice and melody: poems were recited by well-known elocutionists, and scenes from popular plays were acted by some of the élite of the world behind the footlights. All this was sensible and delightful; but now comes in the bathos. "Under the greenwood tree" were quantities of large blue jars containing soap-suds and flanked by bundles of long clay pipes; and the exquisites who lounged on the turf seemed to think that blowing soap-bubbles was the most delightful pastime under the sun!

A curious story is being told of two prominent personages who met and became acquainted by the merest chance. About two years ago a couple of Frenchmen who found themselves in Spain were unwilling to go northward again without visiting Morocco. There was, however, only one boat available for crossing the strip of sea that separates the Paynim from the Christian country; but gentlemen easily come to terms, so they shared it, and each finding the other a pleasant companion, they made their excursion together and returned as they went. The acquaintance did not cease there, for they met again in Paris, and as one of the twain was Prince Napoleon, who had been travelling under the name of Comte de Moncalieri, and the other M. Andrieux, sometime French Ambassador at Madrid, it may prove to be a case in which "great events from little causes spring."

Silk culture bids fair to become one of the most lucrative home industries of the United States. Congress has devoted a sum of fifteen thousand dollars to its encouragement, and it is hoped that the headquarters may be at Washington. At present there is a great lack of mulberry-trees, and of the Osage orange, which is next best for the food of silkworms; but ladies are purchasing plots of land, and planting them, with the intention of devoting themselves entirely to raising silkworms and attending to the cocoons.

Carlsbad, that health-restoring resort in the Erz Mountains, is this season unusually free from English and American visitors. Besides Lady Hardinge Gifford and Mr. McCullough, the American tragedian, all the foreigners are either Russians or French. Perhaps the fear of cholera prevents people from travelling through the Continent to the Bohemian village where canaries and bullfinches are as common as sparrows in a wheat field.

Although we are accustomed in England to see many plays avowedly adapted or translated from the French or German, it is unusual for modern English dramas to be either translated or performed on the Continent. This distinction will shortly be conferred on "Claudian," Messrs. Wills and Herman's poetical play. Arrangements have been made for its production later in this autumn at the Friedrich Wilhelm Strasse Theatre in Berlin, and afterwards in Paris, possibly at the Gymnase. There is no reason why a Roman condemned to perpetual youth and beauty should be more popular speaking English than German or French.

The Earl of Aylesford, one of the first of our nobility who embarked in cattle-farming in America, left England on Tuesday last by the White Star steamer Adriatic, en route for his ranch in Texas. His Lordship, who unfortunately broke his leg on Derby Day, eleven weeks ago, has not yet recovered the use of his disabled limb, and was carried into the train and steamer. He was accompanied by his youngest brother, the Hon. Clement E. Finch, who has also become a Texan cattle farmer.

Cowes during the Regatta week is supposed to be the Enchanted Bay for yachtsmen, and maybe the estimate is not too high for the fresh-water sailors with every luxury that modern ingenuity can devise on board, and with a club as well fitted as any London house on shore. But the small craft, of which there was an extraordinary large number, fared badly at Cowes last week. Despite its proximity to Royalty, and its possession of two such important neighbours as Southampton and Portsmouth, Cowes is by no means a go-ahead place. It sleeps fifty-one weeks of the year, and all but dozes on the fifty-second. On the great day, the Thursday, the thermometer stood at 88 deg. in the town's stifling streets, and on the bay there was scarcely a ripple. The great yachts, with their refrigerators, their ice-making machines, and their bakeries, were comfortable enough, but it was pitiful, albeit ludicrous, to see the faces of the occupants of the dinghies attached to the lesser vessels as they returned from marketing. Ice absorbed by the hotels, milk not to be had, butter (rather oil) in profusion, but not in demand, new bread all ordered before it could be taken from the oven, and what staff of life there remained requiring the ship's saw at least to make an impression on it. Delicacies were, of course, beyond the question, and small wonder was it that numerous regrets were heard from owners of vessels of less than 100 tons that they had been beguiled into venturing into Cowes Bay for the fireworks.

Two of the leading yacht club fêtes—that of the Victoria and that of the Portsmouth Corinthian Club—have been held this week. The latter has been an unqualified success. It was arranged, as usual, to hold the rowing races in Osborne Bay; and the patronage of the Prince of Wales was obtained. But her Majesty refused the regatta to be held therein, owing to the death of the Duke of Albany. The Prince was communicated with, and he telegraphed back "Hold it in Gurnet Bay." This, however, was found impracticable, owing to the enormously strong tides and currents which afflict that pretty spot. The committee were wellnigh in despair, when Bembridge Bay, known to all visitors to Ryde, was suggested. The Prince highly approved of the suggestion, and the Harbour Board have given a hundred-and-fifty-guinea challenge cup, to be won two years in succession before it absolutely passes away from them; and have thereby secured the regatta for at least this season and the next.

Holiday-makers in the south of England—and they are to be numbered by the tens of thousands just now—should, if their holidays extend over the 21st of this month and their tastes are at all sporting, visit Brockenhurst, in Hampshire, on that date. Brockenhurst will have a race-meeting, but there will be no noisy ring of bookmakers, none of the blackguard elements, and no chance of seeing a future Ascot or Goodwood hero. It is a little meeting arranged by the local gentry and farmers exclusively for ponies of the New Forest. Less fashionable than their cousins of Shetland, these hardy little beasts can both gallop and stay all day; and to anyone in want of a picnicky race-meeting and novel sport the day should prove right pleasant.

Colonel E. B. Malleon, C.S.I., in a lately-published book, prints the following epitaph—not familiar to everybody—which was placed on the tomb of the famous Marshal Rantzau (in 1650), who had lost at the age of thirty-three, among other trifles, "an eye, an ear, an arm, and a leg":—

*Du corps du grand Rantzau tu n'as qu'une des parts,
L'autre moitié resté dans les plaines de Mars;
Il dispersa partout ses membres et sa gloire.
Tout abattu qu'il fût, il demeura vainqueur.
Son sang fut en cent lieux le prix de la victoire,
Et Mars ne lui laissa rien d'entier que le cœur.*

It is not often in these modern days that we see only half a man who is a General and a half, or even a Field-Marshal and a half.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

There is a very old story of a Frenchman who for many years had held some employment of a fiscal kind under the Russian Government, and who, wonderful to relate, was accused of malversation in his office. More extraordinary still was the fact that he was actually tried for his alleged peculations. When called upon for his defence the lively Gaul rose, placed his hand on his breast, and said in a pathetic tone, "I have stolen." Then, pointing to the President of the Tribunal, he continued in sterner accents, "Thou hast stolen." "He has stolen" went to the address of the Public Prosecutor; "We have stolen" was uttered with an "all round" "We are a merry family" intonation; and the two assessors owned with a blush to the soft impeachment "They have stolen." But the defendant was not called upon to continue the conjugation of the verb "to steal." The tribunal hastened to acquit him.

Just at present everybody concerned in politics or social affairs seems to be busily engaged in conjugating the verb "to Demonstrate." "We have demonstrated," cry the Liberals, triumphantly pointing to Hyde Park. "We are demonstrating," roared the Conservatives, equally triumphantly, from the Pomona Gardens, Manchester, on Saturday, Aug. 9. "I will demonstrate—when I come out," murmurs "an unfortunate nobleman," who for a whole decade has been languishing in durance vile. "I might, would, could, or should demonstrate," whispers Mr. Bradlaugh to Mr. Newdegate; and "demonstrate!" the Liberal electors of Mid Lothian are beginning to shout, in the imperative mood, to Mr. Gladstone. It is all very well, this demonstrating, of course; but when shall we arrive at the blessed stage of "Q. E. D."? When shall we adopt the wholesome conviction that the Franchise Bill has become an intolerable bore, and that of all the plagues of Egypt the discussion of the Egyptian question is the most noisome and the most afflictive?

It is refreshing—so drearily monotonous is the greater part of the foreign intelligence filtered out to us by the telegraph agencies—to learn, by way of a change, that at Leitmeritz, in Bohemia, a monument of the Emperor Joseph II. of Austria has just been unveiled. The German-speaking portion of the population of Leitmeritz "improved the opportunity" to organise a great "demonstration," the numbers taking part therein being estimated at twenty thousand. The "Wacht am Rhein" was sung by the Bohemian "demonstrators," who wore black, red, and yellow colours.

Beyond the legend that the Sovereign whose memory has just been honoured at Leitmeritz once remarked that "Royalty was his trade," few English newspaper-readers, I should say, know much about Kaiser Josef II. Is there any good modern English life of him? Kaiser Josef had been, you will remember, the Baby, "weighing six pounds avoirdupois when born," who was presented by his Imperial mamma to the Hunarian Diet at Presburg. According to Carlyle, the Hungarian magnates did not on the occasion mentioned unsheath their swords and cry with one voice, "Moriatur pro Rege nostro Mariâ Theresiâ!"; and an implacable French critic has ticketed the pretty, chivalrous story as one of "the mock pearls of history." Carlyle admits that the Imperial baby was held up by the nurse; and that the Grand Duke Franz exclaimed, "Life and Blood (*vitam et sanguinem*) for our Queen and Kingdom"; to which echoed, many-voiced, the Diet, "Yes; *vitam et sanguinem*." But what is there to prove that somebody in the body of the hall did not say, "Moriatur pro Rege nostro Mariâ Theresiâ!" as well?

Carlyle calls Joseph "a grandly-attempting man, who could succeed in nothing." Napoleon I. said of him, as pithily, that "he went mad before his time," meaning that he set up as a political and social reformer before the time—that of the outburst of the French Revolution—was ripe. To my mind, the character of Kaiser Josef I. always suggests the idea of Don Quixote in a full-bottomed wig. There is a beautiful (and, I hope, not mock pearl) story of his finding a child begging in the streets of Vienna, who told him that she was asking alms to be able to pay a doctor for her mother, who was sick. The Emperor told the child that he was a physician; accompanied her to her wretched home; felt the patient's pulse; wrote a prescription, and departed. The prescription was a draught on the Emperor's privy purse for fifty golden ducats; and the sick woman, whose chief ailment was the want of nourishing food, got well. I think that Mr. Thackeray must have been thinking of the Imperial Mock Doctor when he did a curious-y similar act of mercy to a sick colleague.

"Who is happy?" sneeringly ask the pessimists. Well, I have been happy, recently—for at least five minutes. I have chanced upon a poetic figure wholly new to me, and which I fondly hope is original. There came to see me the other day a friend from the capital of Louisiana, U.S.A., who is Commissioner, indeed, to the Governments of Europe from the executive of the New Orleans International Exhibition, which will be opened next December. He brought me a newspaper cutting containing a deliciously tender and naïve love song in the creole, or rather negro, *patois* of Louisiana. I would that I could quote the *chanson* in its entirety; but here are two of the most characteristic of its verses—

Mo courri dan bois, Zami,
Pou touai zozo, Zami,
Aforse mo laimai toi.
Ah, Celeste, Celeste, mo bel bijou,
Mo laimai toi com coson laimai la bou.

"I hasten to the woods, Zami, to kill birds, Zami, because I love thee so. Ah! Celeste, Celeste, my beauteous jewel, I love thee as the pig loves the mud!"

Si totai di ric, Zami,
Motai toumo, Zami,
Motai mange toi, Zami,
Aforse mo laimai toi.
Ah! Celeste, Celeste, mo bel bijou,
Mo laimai toi com coson laimai la bou.

"If thou wert rice, Zami, and I were a rice-bird, Zami, I love thee so that I would eat thee, Zami," and so forth, with the delightful pig-and-mud refrain.

By a slip of the memory I ascribed last week the saying "It is as natural to die as to be born" to "one of the greatest of English divines." The divine whom, at the time, I had in my mind was Jeremy Taylor. But the words quoted are in reality in Bacon's Essay on Death. More than one correspondent has reminded me of this fact; and I am very much obliged to "L. E. A." (Beverley), who gives me considerable consolation by pointing out that De Quincey once erred precisely as I did in attributing the quotation to Jeremy Taylor. It was only in the 1871 edition of the "Confessions" that the mistake is corrected in a note, and the passage restored to its right owner—Francis of Verulam.

The slip will, I venture to hope, be held still further excusable when (as De Quincey has already remarked) it is remembered that thoughts almost parallel to those of Bacon on Death frequently occur in the writings of the good Bishop of Down, Connor, and Dromore. Take the following, from the "Contemplations of the State of Man." Lib. I. cap. 1.

The short time which any pleasure stays with us, it is not to be enjoyed wholly and all at once, but tasted by parts; so as, when the second part comes, we feel not the pleasure of the first, lessening itself every moment, and we ourselves still dying with it; *there being no instant of life wherein death gains not ground of us*; the motion of the heavens is but the quick turn of the spindle, which rolls up the thread of our lives; and a most swift horse on which death rides post after us. *There is no moment in life in which death hath not equal jurisdiction; and there is no point of life which we divide not with death.*

And as to the naturalness of death, compare the beautiful passage in "The Rule and Exercises of Holy Dying":—

So have I seen a rose newly springing from the depths of its hood; and at first it was as fair as the morning, and full with the dew of heaven, as a lamb's fleece; but when a ruder breath . . . had dismantled its too youthful and unripe retirements, it began to put on darkness, and to decline to softness and the symptoms of a sickly age; it bowed the head and broke its stalk; and at night, having lost some of its leaves and all its beauty, it fell into the portion of weeds and outworn faces. *The same is the portion of every man and every woman.*

In these touching words, is not "the warbler of poetic prose" merely enlarging on the Baconian apophthegm?

The following is really too good. G. R. (Wandsworth), writes, "Many candid friends will doubtless tell you that Mr. James Knowles, of the *Nineteenth Century*, did not write the drama of 'The Hunchback,' and the comedy of 'The Love Chase.' I will interrogate Mr. James Knowles on the subject. He has promised me (oh, joy!) an interview; although I scarcely dare to hope that (to use the Gladstonian phrase) 'the upshot of the interview will be wholly in the *Nineteenth Century*.' Perhaps my correspondent will have the further hardihood to assert that Mr. Knowles (then calling himself Knolles) was not Grand Seneschal of Guienne in the reign of Edward III., and that (passing as Knollys) he was not a Privy Councillor and Treasurer of the Household to Queen Elizabeth. But there are some people who will assert anything.

Mem.: As a matter of fact, I remember very well indeed James Sheridan Knowles, schoolmaster, actor, author of "Virginius," "The Wife," "The Hunchback," "The Love Chase," "The Secretary," "William Tell," &c., and in his later years a Baptist preacher, exceeding fierce against an ancient Church—he wrote a tractate called "The Rock of Rome." He was an excellent person, and the most genial and most Irish of genial Irishmen. Most of us remember the story of Knowles and the two gentlemen (I forget whether they were twins) who were so remarkably like one another. Meeting one of these two Dromios in the street one day, Sheridan Knowles, in almost despairing perplexity, asked him, "Which of ye is the other?"

Grateful thanks to "F. G. A. M.," who tells me that the late Mr. John Delaware Lewis, M.A., was not only the (admirable) translator of Juvenal but also the author of a book (long out of print) called "Sketches of Cantabs," "containing the liveliest and most vigorous description ever written of undergraduate life." Livelier than "Peter Priggins"? I have long been hunting for "Sketches of Cantabs," which, my correspondent says, was published about five-and-thirty years ago; but the book seems to have grown as scarce as Sir Francis Head's "Stokers and Pokers"—a reprint of an article in the *Quarterly* on railway life and manners. "Eothen," unless I am mistaken, is also scarce. So are "Typee" and "Omoo"; and in vain do I continue to hunt in contemporary booksellers' catalogues for Mrs. Trollope's wonderful novel of American slave-life, "Jonathan Jefferson Whitlaw."

The *Quarterly* and "slavery." 'Twas purely by accident that these two words became neighbours in the preceding paragraph. Oddly enough I have just been reading a volume of the *Quarterly* containing a review of "Monk" Lewis's "Journal of a West Indian Proprietor" and Mrs. Carmichael's "Domestic Manners in the West Indies." This article was published in the very year in which the abolition of negro slavery was finally decreed by Parliament, and, writes the *Quarterly* thereanent:—

The reflections to which the whole treatment of our colonists during the last ten years by successive parliaments and governments must give rise in any impartial bosom are of a painful kind; the ignorance, the rashness, the blind audacity of too many influential personages—the mean shuffling and intrigue of others—and the hot, heavy, dogged stupidity of the perhaps not ill-meaning agitators to whose pertinacity the present ministry has at last succumbed—are features in our recent history on which future times will pause with mingled wonder, contempt, and pity.

Thus the Tory *Quarterly* on the abolition of Slavery in 1833. And a Conservative Lord Mayor was present at the Abolition Jubilee presided over by the Prince of Wales in 1884. I think that, on the whole, the "hot, heavy, dogged stupidity of the perhaps not ill-meaning agitators" has got rather the best of it; and that future times, while they may look with wonder at what was accomplished by Wilberforce and his friends, will not regard the anti-slavery agitation either with contempt or with pity.

"Perhaps," writes "C. T. B.," you will not object to add the word 'timidous' to your list of English words ending

in 'dous.' There is good if unique authority for it—viz., Samuel Butler, 'Hudibras,' Part I., canto iii., line 396.

Fortune th' audacious doth juvare,
But 'tis the timidous miscarry."

The occurrence of "timidous" is not quite unique. Roger North speaks of a "timidous man." But the word is obsolete; and has become so because, while we have timid and timorous, it is practically useless. Butler, in the pride of genius, did what he liked with language, and sported with words as he listed. Look at the couplet quoted above. What would you think of the English of a correspondent who told you that it would much "juvare" him to dine with you next Monday, or that he would be extremely "juvated" if you would lend him seven shillings and sixpence, to be punctually repaid on Sept. 1?

A word about the Volunteers. In a leading article in the *Times*, commenting on the excellent practice of the Volunteer Artillery at Plymouth, the writer observes that it was a soldiers' triumph, so far as the Volunteers were concerned, and owing, in a great measure, to the assistance and guidance of the officers and non-commissioned officers of the Royal Artillery. "We may find welcome proof in this," adds the *Times*, "that our Volunteers, under good guidance, become a thoroughly effective force; but we should have been better pleased if they had not been compelled on this occasion to go outside their own ranks in order to obtain it."

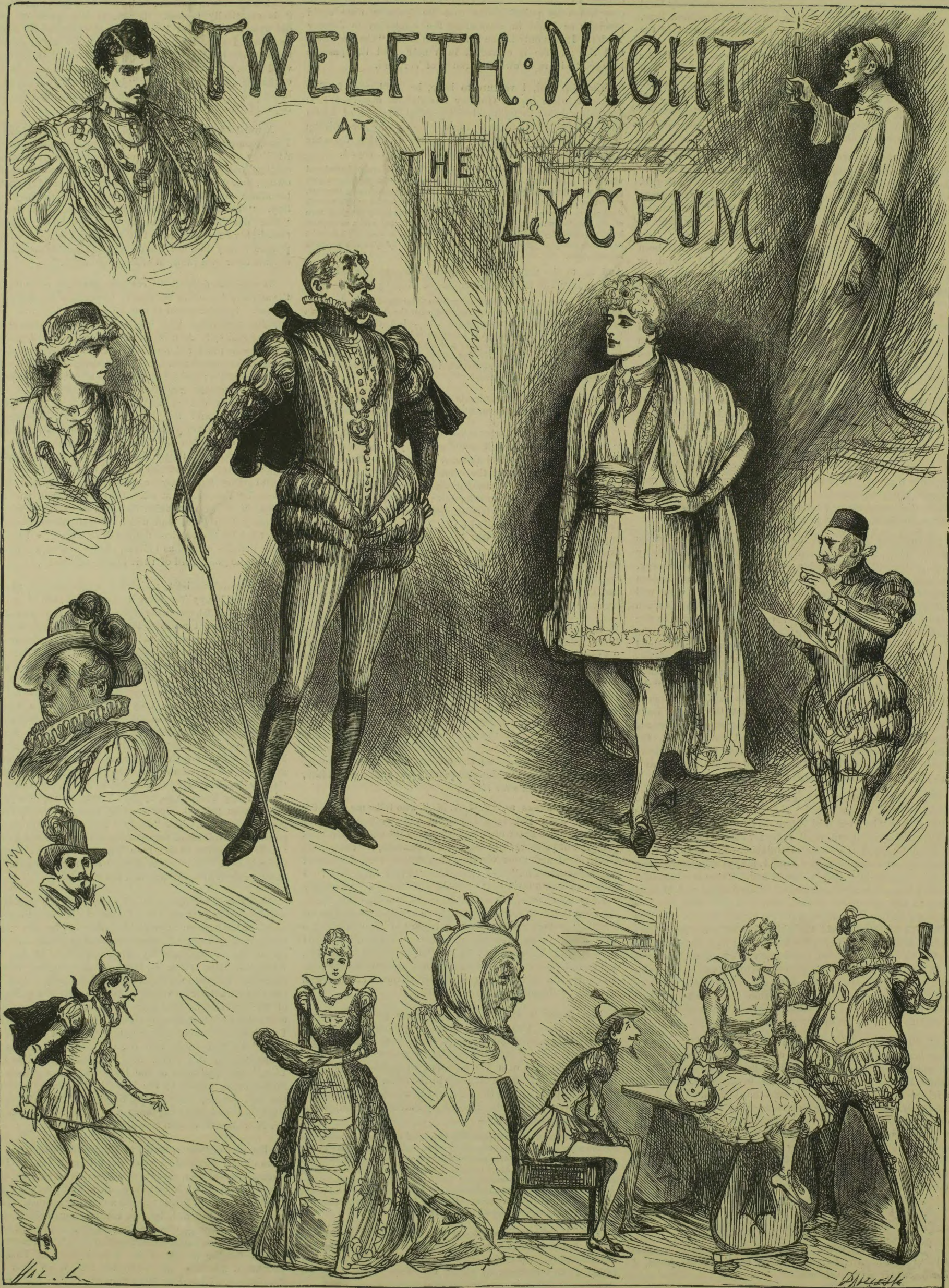
It would be difficult to conceive anything more unjust to the artillery branch of the reserve forces than the remarks just quoted. Has the writer in the *Times* any notion of the kind of training undergone by a candidate for a commission in the Royal Artillery? As a Woolwich cadet, he must fag and fag and fag—he must toil and toil at least a dozen abstruse or painfully technical branches of knowledge before he can pass his examination; and many hundreds of pounds must be spent on his education for the scientific arms of the service. If he comes out as an Engineer officer he will have had to fag and toil harder still. The Volunteers are civilians who, out of pure loyalty, patriotism and public spirit, give up a portion of their time to military duty. But could they afford to go through the long, elaborate, and expensive training needful for the making of a thoroughly skilful artillery or engineer officer, they would not, in most cases, be Volunteers at all. They would join the regular army, of which the scientific branch is, to begin with, tolerably well paid, and which is occasionally splendidly rewarded for the services done to the country. The Volunteers, privates as well as officers, obtain and expect no reward beyond the good word of their fellow-citizens.

The prevailing heat, which has made most of us so lazy, thirsty, and happy (for there is happiness even in grumbling about the feverish condition of the thermometer), would appear to have somewhat unfavourably affected the prices obtained at the recent sale at Sotheby's of the first portion of the library of the late Mr. John Payne Collier. Nine pounds was but a small price for a copy of the edition of 1606 of Sir Philip Sidney's "Ourania," with an autograph signature and manuscript corrections by the author. Three pounds eleven shillings only was realised by a copy of a Latin and English "Thesaurus," annotated in more than fifteen hundred places in the handwriting of John Milton. A slightly better price, eight pounds fifteen shillings, was given for Milton's "Pro Populo Anglicano Defensio," with an autograph of Oliver Cromwell. The books which commanded "fancy" prices were just Mr. Collier's own, "An Old Man's Diary Forty Years Ago, 1832-33," only twenty-five copies of which were printed, illustrated by rare portraits, letters, and manuscript notes. The "Diary" fetched a hundred and fifty pounds. A volume of very curious and rare tracts, including "A True Report of the Late Discoveries of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, Knt.," printed in 1583, was knocked down for the cheery sum of two hundred and ten pounds.

So far as the Playhouses are concerned the production of novelties calling for extended notice at the establishments in question has been so appreciably influenced by the "melting moments" of morning, afternoon, and night, by the winding up of the season, and by the competition of the Health Exhibition, that there is little of a theatrical nature to chronicle beyond the opening, on Saturday, Aug. 9, of the Haymarket for an autumn season, under the management of Mr. Brookfield. The *pièce de résistance* was a very graceful and polished translation, by Mr. Walter Herries Pollock, of a French drama of respectable antiquity, called "Le Réveil du Lion," by MM. Jaime and Bayard. So far back as 1847 a translation of this piece, under the title of "The Roused Lion," was produced at the Haymarket, the principal characters being played by the late Mr. Benjamin Webster and the still happily living Mrs. Keeley. Alfred Wigan, Miss Reynolds, and Miss Seymour were also in the cast. Mr. W. H. Pollock's version is called "Evergreen."

The plot of "Evergreen" is delightfully simple. It is that of an elderly *beau* and *viveur* of the "Caveau" and "Dons de Comus" period, who, coming to Paris to visit his nephew, chances on a letter in which a certain youthful and dissipated Hector Mauléon speaks of him as "an old mummy of an uncle." The old lion is roused to wrath by this contumelious epithet; and he proceeds to show that in dancing, singing, card-playing, flirting, repartee, and fencing he is still a match, and more than a match, for the gayest of the gilded youth of Paris. Mr. Brookfield fills very artistically the rôle of an aged valetudinarian transformed by mere force of volition and muscle of mind into a Lovelace; the part of the retired opera dancer, erst played by Mrs. Keeley, was assigned to Miss M. A. Victor; and Mr. H. B. Conway and Miss Julia Gwynne also contributed to the success of "Evergreen." Dibdin's operatic farce of "The Waterman," with Mr. Herbert Sims Reeves as the slenderest of Tom Tugs, and a farce of dubious drollery completed the entertainment.

G. A. S.





DRAWN BY HAL LUDLOW.

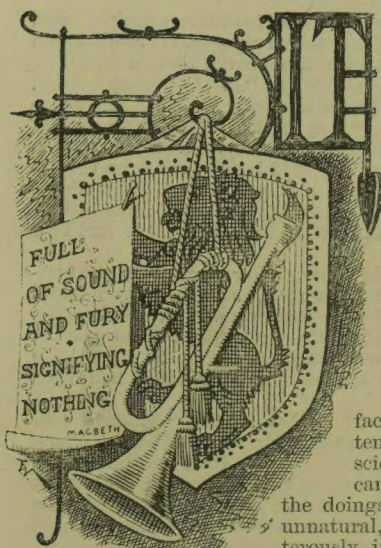
Francis presently found himself walking along an unfamiliar passage, with her fingers resting on his coat-sleeve.

ROPES OF SAND.

BY R. E. FRANCILLON,

AUTHOR OF "STRANGE WATERS," "OLYMPIA," "A REAL QUEEN," &c.

CHAPTER XII. THE PARSON'S PIPE.



may be surmised that many passages of one kind and another had passed between Captain Quickset and Mabel before an elopement could be proposed in so many words. Such, indeed, was the case; though fewer than must have occurred between a more timid lover and a more experienced heroine. I have not tried to account for the glamour exercised by the Captain; nor shall I try. This story is of facts, and makes no pretensions to psychology—a science which, like figures, can be made to show that the doings of nature are utterly unnatural, and that the preposterously impossible is just the most natural thing in the world.

It was, of course, excessively unnatural that any woman, in whom of course instinct is an infallible guide, should be imposed upon by one in whom mere impudence had to do duty for both truth and courage. On the other hand, it was no less perfectly natural that this very impudence should be the very power of powers, before whose magic armies, states,

brains, and hearts, alike are bound to fall. As a fact, many a woman, theoretically adoring strength, courage, and honour, has found all these qualities in some cowardly scamp, and has gone on worshipping him abjectly to the end. Mabel Openshaw had not yet arrived at the point of worship. But she was undoubtedly dazzled; and, if her soul was not yet awakened, her fancy was all on fire.

She still seemed to feel the clasp of his hands when, all glowing and startled by his sudden romantic flight (for, even in the histories which take him for their hero, who is ever soready as your Don Juan or your Count Almaviva to take to his heels?) she rose to welcome Francis Carew, giving one quick glance to see that her lover's presence was betrayed by no tell-tale sign. Francis had been bewildered by her beauty—what was he now, when this sudden glory of crimson and of sapphire light seemed to have been called forth by his coming, and when he himself had been bidden to believe that this arch-wonder of the world was to be his own for the asking? It seemed all too impossible to be true—and yet could there be a greater miracle than that a Mabel Openshaw existed in the world?

If, seeing his confusion, and taught by her own experience to guess its cause, she played the coquette a little, she had at any rate the excuse of a responsibility that needed a covering. She had become the keeper not only of the heart but of the very life of a man.

So she made a sweeping curtsey, such as might have become one of the Captain's duchesses, with no more mockery in it than gave a piquancy to her elaborate dignity.

"I thought you had run away again into the woods," said she; "and that you had been eaten by the bears—or that you had really been trying to catch Cowcumber Jack, and had ended in his catching you. Or shall I tell you what I had half thought—I declare, half hoped: that you were only pretending to be Mr. Carew of Hornacombe, and were really Cowcumber Jack all the while? But I see now—you looked so much, much more interesting when—a week ago."

She was speaking, without knowing what, just whatever chance sent to the tip of her tongue, while her ears were listening for the silence that meant the safety of the Captain. Why he fled, she did not guess; but no doubt so brave a man would not fly without ample cause. But her words nevertheless did their work, as words left to themselves are so terribly apt to do. So she had been thinking of him! thought Francis—thinking of him, despite the state in which alone she could have been thinking of him. Only how? That was the question still—but, however that might be, anyhow was better than nohow: better to remember him as a disreputable ruffian than not at all.

No doubt he made some sort of answer. But before any sort of talk could be set going, Tamzin had got dinner upon the table, and had announced it by three thumps upon the kitchen-dresser with the rolling-pin. Francis was not quite such a savage as not to know that he had to offer the lady of the house his arm: and he presently found himself walking along an unfamiliar passage, with her fingers resting delicately on his coat-sleeve, for all the world as if he were a man in a dream. The touch, light and dainty as it was, thrilled through the cloth to the muscle, and thence along every artery and nerve. The meal was laid in what was no doubt the best parlour, and therefore, to judge from its stagnant atmosphere and its generally faded and moth-eaten look, the least often used. Indeed, the Parson, when he had no company, preferred to dine and sup in the more homely and cheerful kitchen, and kept the parlour to grow stuffy with waiting for guests who never came. But it did not need this knowledge of domestic routine for the Squire of Hornacombe to feel that he was being welcomed and honoured. The Parson became genial, even jovial, and heaped his guest's plate mountainously from the joint he carved. His language became more Greek, and his accent more Devonian, while he rambled off more and more into regions of his own without seeming to care whether he was followed or not, blending together Pigs, Pedantry, Poetry,

Perry, Plato, Proverbs—Pearls and Swine in admirable confusion. Meanwhile, the more he talked the more he ate—which is more than everybody can manage to do. Indeed, it was something of a terrible sight to see Parson Pengold dine. His wig fell more and more awry; his cheeks grew hot and greasy; his veins swelled; and his red eyes, acquiring an ogreish brightness, devoured each morsel before it reached his jaws. Obviously, Sunday's dinner was the oasis in a desert of tithes unpaid. But Francis Carew, so far as his host was concerned, was well-nigh blind and deaf, as well as driven to be dumb. He might have been eating ortolans instead of beef and pudding, for all he knew, and listening to the roar of the waves off Wrackstone for all he heard.

Mabel, for the same reason that the Parson talked for three, also said little; and, by way of farther contrast to her protector, Francis observed that she did not eat enough for a fly. In these days, for a young woman apparently in magnificent health to fight shy of her meals would be taken either for affectation or for evidence that, despite appearances, something was the matter. In those, and especially in country places, it was esteemed a sign of grace and of ethereal delicacy, connecting her with the sylphs—forgetting the habits of the ghouls. Francis could not help remembering, from an entirely new standpoint, how poor Nance Derrick had thought nothing of making a hearty meal off salt herrings, followed by hard cheese, and washed down with a draught of ale. Surely the two could not be made of the same clay—the young woman who fed coarsely upon mere mortal food, and the delicate creature who no doubt made her real dinner upon thin slices of the choicest air and the perfume of flowers.

So he had enough to think about, without talking: and so had she.

Dinner over, the Parson began to push the port, which, considering the backwardness of the farmers in the matter of tithes and the smallness of the Vicar's stipend, was really fine. But then it was marvellously easy, and marvellously cheap, too, to get a good cellar at Stoke Juliot, so long as one's conscience was not troubled by drinking what had never paid duty. It was so with Francis Carew's own famous claret, laid down by his predecessors: and "Render unto Cæsar" was a text that had never been preached from by any Vicar of Stoke Juliot since the days of old Horneck the Wrecker. Indeed, that Cæsar had no rights over the winds and waves, and what was brought by them, that to ask Squire or Parson the name of his wine-merchant would have been impertinence unbecoming in anybody with the least claim to be a gentleman.

"I wonder who'll make the pudding next Sunday," said the Parson, with a deep sigh, half of fulness, and half of sorrow; "there's not another woman in this Cimmerian parish can make a pudding—no: not one."

"I wonder if I could," said Mabel, "if I tried. I don't suppose it would be so very, very hard."

"Wouldn't it though! It would come out as hard as a bit of Wrackstone, or as Farmer Jellet's heart—or Farmer Polkinghorn's skull. But well, well. Sufficient unto the day—so for what we have received may we be thankful: and may next time give us occasion to be more thankful for better things." Francis had no form of his own, for grace before or after meals, and failed to recognise the Parson's. Mabel made a sign by moving three fingers of her right hand from forehead to breast and then from shoulder to shoulder which puzzled him—and would probably have puzzled herself, had she been called upon to explain.

"I wonder," said she, again, "if Derrick's girl would come to us when Tamzin goes. She is a good girl, I have always heard: and she has quite nice manners. What do you think, Mr. Carew? Do you think she would come?"

Francis coloured for a moment: and then felt ashamed of feeling ashamed. What could Miss Openshaw know of his right or otherwise to speak for his keeper's daughter? For he actually imagined—so far as he imagined anything about the matter—that the comings and goings of the Squire of Hornacombe were of no interest to anybody but himself; and that it was perfectly possible for the great man of the parish to say a civil word (not to speak of many) to a girl of any rank without its being better known to every man, woman, and child in the place than Captain Quickset knew the ace of spades.

"I don't know," said he. "But of course she is a very good sort of girl."

"Nance Derrick!" exclaimed Parson Pengold. "Why—what has put her into your head, girl? No!" said he, after a pause, and in a manner that struck even Francis Carew, preoccupied though he was, as seeming strange.

"Why not Nance Derrick?" asked Mabel. "Mr. Carew speaks well of her: and of course he knows."

For some reason, unknown to himself, Francis felt the greatest objection to the idea of Nance Derrick entering the service of Mabel Openshaw. Some sort of intimacy could hardly fail to arise between mistress and maid: and, talking of characters, he did not care that his own should come to Mabel from that quarter. Still he could offer no valid objection. But the Parson himself came to his rescue.

"I will not have Nance Derrick," said he. "I'm getting the best lot of pigs in Devon, and I'm not going to have them ruined: I'm ripening the best port in the three kingdoms—if I can't be a Bishop, I can beat the Bench on its own ground: and I'm not going to find it turned into verjuice some fine afternoon. No: I won't have Nance Derrick about my cellar and my sties. So there."

Francis had long ago judged that his host and new friend was a little queer; but he now began to think that "a little" was hardly the proper word. What harm could come from Nance to pigs and port wine? However, he could look his question, while Mabel put it for him into words. And there was something curiously pleasant in the very simple fact that his own thought came from her tongue.

"Why," began she, "what harm?"

"That's it," interrupted the Parson, his voice deepening and filling. "That's it—what harm. That's just what Heaven knows: or rather what Heaven does not know. All I know is that if ever the signs met in a human being, it is in Nance Derrick. She is a woman, to begin with: and it is always a woman—at least in nine cases out of ten. It was perfectly well known among the Chaldeans, who, as you know of course, retained the original science otherwise lost in the confusion of tongues, that every woman has a nerve under the tongue—or, as some have thought, behind the eye—which renders her words and her looks dangerous to all creatures: but to male creatures most of all. For a man to influence the powers of his nature to his desires requires lofty genius, prolonged study, and profound learning. In a woman it only requires the exercise of the will. Now when you find a woman, young or old, avoiding the society of her natural neighbours and companions, and without gossip or bachelor, follower or friend, you may make up your mind that there is something mighty queer. A man, to bear solitude, must be either a god, or a beast, or a Vicar of Stoke Juliot: but a woman can't bear it at all. Company she must have: and if she don't have it of one sort, it's because she has it of another. Then there's another thing still. Your housekeeper, Mrs. Drax, tells me that this Nance Derrick, though with no more education than our Tamzin, if so much, borrows volumes from your library—

and what volumes? Why, Greek: and Latin: and Hebrew: for the old squire before you fancied himself a scholar, save the mark, though he didn't know a digamma from a sow's ear. Over those books she pores: and as she can't read the lines themselves, it's plain as my face that she must read what's between 'em. Virgil, Sir—why, the old scholars made more use of Virgil than to cap verses. There are lines of Virgil that have been known not only to foretell events, but to change them, if used in a certain way. The Virgilian *sortes* told King Charles the Martyr he was to lose his head, though I forget the precise line. Orpheus was a poet, and if we had his verses still, we should know how the women—the women, mark you—of Thessaly made the moon wax or wane at will. But that's not all. I know for a fact that the morning after Tamzin was fool enough to show Nance Derrick my best Berkshire sow, every man jack of her new litter died in seven days. *Præmonitus præmunitus*—forewarned, as the vulgar say, is fore-armed."

"Why, one would think you meant Nance Derrick is a witch!" exclaimed Mabel. "Surely there are no such people—now."

"If there are none now, there were none then; we know there were then, so we know there are—now. Did you never hear of the witch of Endor, girl? Or that witchcraft is the eighth deadly sin? Whenever two persons are in company the stronger will rules and prevails. If one of the two desires to rule and prevail, he—or she—will increase the strength of his will and therefore of his power; and what limit is there to such increase except the limit of desire? Unlimited desire brings about unlimited will. Now benevolence, alas! never reaches so far; but malice may be unbounded passion—therefore, unbounded desire, unbounded will, unbounded power, so far as the devil's power may go. Can you deny that? Then you can't deny witchcraft. Do you think yourself wiser than the wisest of all the learned times? You can't deny witchcraft then, unless you are a lump of vanity and self-conceit; that is to say, unless you are a fool. Selden said that even if there were no witchcraft, its professors ought to be put to death, because their very profession implied malice such as deserved rope and faggot, equally with a murderer's!"

"Good God, Sir! would you burn Nance Derrick?" cried Francis, amazed at such doctrine. "I thought it was only the Pa"—"*pists*," he was going to add, but checked himself, flushing, in time.

"I am no lawyer; thank Heaven for at least that one mercy!" said the Parson. "I am only a justice of the peace and a priest; it is the lawyers who make the laws, and they're heathens, one and all. If they weren't, should I have to choose between losing half my tithes and paying the other half to the lawyers to get them in—and perhaps lose the whole? But I know what the law *ought* to be; about tithes and about witches too. If Nance Derrick wants to go into human service, which she doesn't, let her go into a farmer's, and welcome, for there'd be a proper pair of 'em; but not into mine."

Mabel, feeling, no doubt, that the talk was running into regions where a bottle is company, but a woman is none, rose, rearranged the Parson's wig, which the exciting nature of his theme had brought down over his left ear, curtsied to the guest, and left the room.

The Parson wiped his forehead, poured out a glass of port, and passed the bottle. "Excuse me," said he. "I don't often talk of such things: but it does put one in a rage, now and then, to feel what times these are we live in—when every grinning jackanapes thinks the world gets wiser the farther it travels from the hand of its maker: numskulls, who think, because they can't understand a thing, therefore it can't be true. They'll be denying their own existence next, just because they didn't make themselves, and don't know how. I'm thinking of your friend the Captain: he's just that sort. He believes in nothing but his own stories: and I have my doubts if he believes very hard even in them. I'm going to smoke: you'd best make yourself at home, and never mind me. Ah—lads and lasses! You'll know the worth of a pipe soon enough—never fear. There—try your luck with her. You won't fail: and if you do, well, there's always a pipe to fall back on, lad: always a pipe, and a horn of ale."

Parson Pengold sighed heavily and long, as he filled, with delicate elaboration, his clean clay bowl. When it was lighted, and his guest, acting on a hint at once so broad and so welcome, had left him to himself, who shall say what visions he saw in the magic rings of smoke which he had cultivated to perfection the art of blowing? No man can so wholly bring himself up to a hog's level as to need no outlet for mental action: and the formation of a smoke ring with certainty and precision needs not only ample leisure, but constant practice and considerable skill. He could not have always been what he was now, and there must have been a time, say ages ago, when even Parson Pengold, of Stoke Juliot, had blown other sort of rings than these—as fragile and as fleeting, but as round and clear. He may once have dreamed of scholarship that would have expanded into fame instead of shrivelling into unappreciated pedantry: or of a mitre: or of a home with a heart in it instead of an appendage to a pig-sty: or, it may be, of all three. However, the reminiscences of a Parson Pengold can be of no possible interest or concern to any creature but himself—even though that very thing is just the very worst of them. Probably, seeing what he had allowed life to make him, his own sigh, though deep and heavy, was not particularly keen. There was a dull sensation that life with him was not all that it might have been: but I doubt if it went so far as to suggest that it was not all it could have been, and ought to be. If there was a phantom of some faded ambition or some dead woman in the thought, the phantom soon passed by—pigs were real, and port was real, and Greek had not become wholly unreal, while tithes were very real indeed: as real as the devil himself in a world of which Stoke Juliot was the visible type and sign. After all, Parson Pengold was full of beef, while that part of him which beef alone could not fill, or pudding either, was relieved of a load. Though he and Mabel were still strangers in soul and spirit, her presence was all he had to keep his life a little sweet and human; and the sight of Captain Quickset hovering about her had filled him, more than he himself guessed, with a new knowledge and a bitter fear. If she were carried away, how was he to face the complete blankness that life would henceforth mean? The rock need not share the life of the moss to feel cold and bare when the moss is stripped away.

What, then, could be better, than that Mabel should be fixed in the parish as the wife of Francis Carew?—an ignoramus, it is true, who probably did not know whether *musa* was *hie*, *hee*, or *hoo*, but as evidently no mere blockhead: a man, every inch of him: modest before his betters, whether human or porcine: finally one who had sown his wild oats, who never left the parish—and who, finally beyond finally, was owner of Hornacombe, and the richest resident in that country side.

Parson Pengold blew a special ring: and told himself, with an approving chuckle, that he had managed this piece of match-making very delicately indeed: altogether like a real man of the world. No—Mabel had got into his life somehow or other, and she was more than he could afford to lose.

Even so does one sometimes treasure some foreign book one cannot read: whether it be vile or holy, its loss, for one reason or another, may make a void on our shelves that no other volume can fill. It is *It*, and *We* are *We*: and he who can find a better reason will be cleverer than Captain Quickset himself—which is not to be conceived.

CHAPTER XIII.

LADY'S FINGERS.

Francis Carew himself, however, when he left the known excellence of the Parson's port for the unknown excellence or otherwise of the Parson's ward, was as ignorantly unconscious of his own advantages of person, position, and possessions as a lover could be. Indeed, very unlike a lover, he was thinking less of himself than of the lady. Nor, on the other hand, can it be denied that she was thinking of him. Nor yet, though Captain Quickset had done a magnificent morning's work, was she at all unwilling to exchange the monotonous solitude of a Sunday afternoon, when she had no work for her fingers, for the company of a young gentleman whom she vehemently suspected of having so much lost his head, as well as his heart, to her that she might quiz him, coquette with him, and otherwise play the game of cat and mouse with him, to her heart's desire.

Think what it meant to have grown up from babyhood to young womanhood without one single minute's flirtation, and then all at once to have two entire lovers on one's hands. Surely it would not be in nature not to make up a little for such a length of lost time. As for knowing how—I believe there was once a girl who did not know how; but she died very young.

This, however, was to be no common flirtation by way of killing any common Sunday afternoon. One of the young men's lives was in her hands. Her cheek was still conscious of the kiss that bound her to secrecy—even to craft, if that were needful. If such a secret was to be sacred even from the Captain's own host, comrade, and friend, flirtation must needs become a sort of passage of arms. She was not even sure whether, for the Parson's sake, she had not already consented to an elopement and a secret marriage. She was not sure whether she would be the more alarmed if she had made such a promise, or the more put out if she had made none. She only did feel that Captain Quickset was hurrying things along all in his own way, in the most masterful manner; and that, however she might protest or revolt, she was in imminent peril of being swept off before she made up a quarter of her mind. Indeed, perhaps on the whole it would be best not to make up her mind at all, seeing how difficult and disagreeable it would be to decide—how easy and how romantic to yield. A woman likes to be made love to in that fashion—so cynics say: to be swept off her feet, and carried off in strong arms, will she nill she, as if she herself believed that soul and brain were only given her to be insulted and scorned, and the doctrines of chivalry but a vain invention of fools, laughed at in lace sleeves. We, of course, having no cynical taint, believe nothing of the kind; and must rather ascribe to the omnipotence of impudence absolute the unquestionable fascination exercised by Caleb Quickset over Mabel Openshaw. Strange and sad is it that he who loves the most has always the least of that quality which gives him hope of victory. But these things will carry us away from Stoke Juliot too soon.

Francis Carew, considerably encouraged by the Parson's counsel, and a little also by a reasonable amount of what was better than the Parson's counsel—namely, his wine—found his way into Mabel's own parlour; and, though she was not there, presently saw her, through the open window, slowly strolling up and down on the patch of sward that lay between that side of the Vicarage and the open moor. Coming out of the close and stuffy dining-room, reeking with the fumes of food and wine, into the fresh autumn breeze was in itself a delight; and, springing through the window which had served Captain Quickset a couple of hours ago, he was soon beside her in the sun.

The queen of the sunshine smiled graciously. "You have soon left your wine," said she. "Mrs. Drax tells us."

"Mrs. Drax is an old idiot," said Francis, letting out rather indiscreetly his certainty of what Mrs. Drax must have told. "If there's one thing I hate, it's gossip. As if I cared for wine, when— I suppose you have heard very terrible things of me?"

"Oh, not so very terrible, after all. Besides, I'm not so sure I think much of anybody—at least of any man—who was always good and never did anything the least wild. If I was a man, you would hear terrible things of me!"

"I'm sure I'm glad you're not one!"

"Glad I'm not a man? Why? I only wish I were. And I'll tell you what I should be. I should not be like Mr. Pengold!"

"I'm certain of that!" said Francis; and, indeed, unless she were to change much more than her sex, it was about as certain as that a leopard could never be mistaken for a bear.

"And I should not be like you. I should not be content to hang about in Stoke Juliot, doing nothing but drink claret, and play cards, and—I forget what else Mrs. Drax says you do; if, indeed, there's anything more. I think I should be more like Cowcumber Jack than anybody else. Why have you changed your clothes? You looked so much more interesting before; so much more like a brigand—a pirate; and to-day you only look like a squire."

And he had been at such pains to look like a squire. Still there was more honey in the criticism than gall. She had not looked upon his ruffianism with disapproval, then, after all.

"Yes," she went on, thoughtfully; "like Cowcumber Jack, or like old Horneck; or perhaps like both together, and a fine gentleman besides. I'd gather all the wild young men of Stoke Juliot into a band, and be their Captain. I'd be Queen of all the coast: King, I mean. I'd build a castle on the top of Stoke Moor, and have ships; and, whenever I felt inclined, I'd go to Bath or London and have my fling. There—I've shocked you, haven't I? But I want to *live*, you see; and I've never tried."

Francis did look a little grave, being unused to the non-sense of girls. "If you were a man," said he, "you would be nobler than the noblest man that ever was or ever will be. You'd be what I once thought Quickset was: and I can't say more. . . . Why, only once seeing you showed me what a contemptible thing my life has been: I feel as if I had been changed."

"Changed? Into what? What a strange idea! One would think you meant I am what Mr. Pengold called Nance Derrick," said she. "Do you want to burn me on Hornacombe lawn? It's strange what he said, though. I wonder if there *are* such things as witches, after all—and wizards, too," she added, thinking of how her own life, since Richard Quickset had entered it, had also seemed another thing.

"Nance Derrick is no witch, poor lass; yet 'tis true she is queer in her ways, though it never struck me so till now. About if there are witches, I don't know: the Parson ought to know, I suppose, seeing it's his trade. I only know one sort of witchcraft!"

"Indeed! And that is?"



LEAVING HOME.

FROM THE PICTURE BY M. OUTIN.

Her eyes, looking straight into his for a single instant, were two such beautiful questions that he required no collection of counsel, wet or dry, to give him courage. He even forgot his own demerits in comparison with the supreme wit, wisdom, goodness, and beauty of his goddess, and felt that a goddess is also but a woman, while the humblest of her worshippers is still a man. Though he was not touching so much as her dress, the remembered touch of her fingers upon his sleeve an hour ago became more intense than if it were still there, and made his nerves and his blood thrill; while her mere presence gave a brightness and fragrance of its own to the air.

"It is worked by a flower," said he.

"A flower? I should like to know how to bewitch—my enemies—with a flower. I had no notion you understood magic. How is it done?"

"That you must tell me."

"I? A flower? Any flower?"

"It must be a Dahlia. Do you understand now?"

"Let me see—I'm afraid I'm very stupid, Mr. Carew. No. I should have thought if the witches had only one flower, it would be a myrtle or a rose. But a dahlia—a big, awkward blossom, that hasn't even a smell! I hate dahlias—they seem to mean nothing at all."

Could she really have forgotten the gift upon which he had been living ever after? Captain Quickset would have smiled at such a fool's question: Francis Carew did anything but smile.

"It is the only flower I care about," said he, very gravely indeed.

"That is a strange taste. It is the only flower I don't care about at all."

"I have a dahlia that I have kept for ages!"

"And alive still? It must be bewitched indeed."

"Yes—for ages: ever since the day you—I first saw you. It is alive still."

"Oh—that! Do you mean to say you have kept that thing? If I had known you cared for dahlias, I would have given you the whole bowlful!"

"I don't care for dahlias. I care for that dahlia."

"I see Tamzin is bringing tea. Shall we go in?"

"I care for that dahlia because I care for you."

This was almost beyond the point to which she cared to lead the bear with whom she had been playing. So she made him a grand curtsy. "Yes—such near neighbours ought to be good friends: and we will—especially as Mrs. Drax seems to have painted you so much more black than you deserve. You shall teach me magic; and I will show you how to make tea: and it is time."

It was only the second time he had seen the girl in his life. But his heart and his brain, his days and nights, had been so filled with her since the first time that when he had spoken of ages, he had said what to himself was simply and literally true. When a man knows his own mind and his own heart, there is no such word as too soon. Nor, for that matter, was Francis Carew learned in the forms of siege. He only knew what he wanted, and knew no way of getting it but the straight one.

"No: don't go in for a moment more," said he. "I told you that the very first sight of you changed me. That was true. I was just a worthless scamp, in a fair way to become a blackguard. I hated myself all the while: but I knew no better: and that night out in the woods only showed me that even a vagabond like Cowcumber Jack was worth ten of me. He did live—after a way. I know what I mean. I mean that ever since that morning I've only lived in one big thought of you: and I know that I always shall, as sure as you are the only woman in the world. . . . I don't expect to win you all at once: but I love you so much that—that—well, that I shall win you, or else—God knows."

"Mr. Carew!" she cried, under her breath—really and truly confused; for, though she had been actually angling for something of the sort, it was for something of a much milder degree. She saw at once that she had thrown her butterfly net over a dragon. Indeed, nobody could see his eyes or hear the tone of his voice without knowing him to be in as hard and hot earnest as man can be.

It was not only that he had startled her by his abrupt vehemence, but that she did not think even so much eloquence was in that queerly coated young Squire; and, for that matter, he had been really eloquent: for mere words are the last things wherein eloquence lies. Seeing him through the eyes of Captain Quickset, she had instinctively decided that he was to supply the comedy of life, half butt, half tame bear. The bear certainly went up many a degree higher in her opinion now that she found him disposed to be anything but tame. Nay, he began to interest her profoundly as an altogether unknown specimen of that sex whereof the Captain was the model and crown.

"There," said he. "I never thought to say it so soon. But what does it matter when, seeing I mean it with all my heart and soul—and can never mean it more, or less, if I live a thousand years? Do you think you can ever care for me a little—Mabel?"—his voice seemed to caress the name—"Not as I care for you: but enough to give me the right to live for you? I'll make you care for me enough, all in good time: if there's any good in trying. I know I'm not worth your thinking of, as I am; but I'll change in any way you like—I'll be whatever you like to make me. I only want one thing on earth: and that's you. Everything else shall be as you will."

"Mr. Carew—what am I to say? Why, we don't even know one another!"

"Indeed we do. I know enough of you to want you for my wife: and I—why, all I want is for you to see me through and through. There is nothing to know of me, but what you see and what I say."

"I am so sorry—so wretched," said Mabel. "Indeed I am—I thought we were going to be such good neighbours and friends. And now you have spoiled it all. But—of course you will change your mind—and then!"

"Never."

If it were not for having Quickset on her mind, if not on her heart also, she would have known how to give him his answer—not indeed a downright Yes, or a downright No, but still such an answer as would leave herself without committal and him without despair. As things were, however, if she said "No," outright or downright, she feared that this clearly most uncompromising lover would not be content without the reason why, and was determined enough to force it out of her: if, on the other hand, she gave him only that half No of which the other half always sounds so much like a Yes, she would be getting into more dangerous ground than so inexperienced a coquette cared to risk entering. By-and-by she would know perfectly well how to manage infinitely harder situations: but meanwhile, though she had all the necessary instinct, she lacked the varied practice which is even more necessary still. It is not a grateful talk to have to chronicle the blunders of beginners when they are otherwise so promising as Mabel Openshaw. Still it must for once be done. In order to learn tact, one must first become a coward. Fearing the whole No as too much like a challenge, the half No as too much like a surrender, she took a middle way—the only unsafe one of the three: the No with a reason.

"It can't be. Do you forget I am a Catholic?" asked she. "Is that all?" he asked, joy bringing sudden light into his eyes. "You must settle that with the parsons. That'll be all the same to me."

"Ah—but it mightn't be all the same to me."

"You never go to church, I hear: I never do—till to-day: and then it was only on the chance of seeing you. So it doesn't seem to matter much what we call ourselves: and as to marrying, it should be any way you please. As for fasting, I'd as soon eat fish as meat, and sooner: I've changed my views on religion very much, the last few days. You see, when I used to look at the pictures in Foxe, I'd never known you."

Mabel had never heard of Foxe: but she was weak in theology, and had to shift her ground. "Do you forget, then, what I told you I should be if I was a man?"

"But you're not a man."

"No—but that's what I should want a man to be. I should make you miserable: or else be more miserable than you."

"Mabel!"

"I should, though. I should be always wanting to get away from Stoke Juliot—to get out into the world. I want to go to Bath—London—France: everywhere. I want!"

"Do you? Then so you shall: and so will I. Stoke Juliot is a heaven-forsaken hole, as you say. We'll go to—to Jericho itself, if you please: and we will never settle down but where you please, or till we're both tired. I might sell Hornacombe: and then we should be free, and have more to spend."

So that also failed; and what was worse, she was finding out, quite clearly, that if she made it a condition that he should present her with his head a month after marriage, he would leap at it gladly, and buy the knife to-morrow. She began to feel like old Horneck's patron, who, unable to set a task his servant could not do, had, in despair, to set him to weave Ropes of Sand.

"Mr. Pengold would never hear of it—never for a moment," said she. "There; please, pray, let us be friends!"

"What—is that your reason, dearest Mabel? That he would say so?"

"And isn't it enough? What do I not owe to him? Ought not his least word to be my law?"

"Then—Mabel, I am the happiest man in all England—in all the world! Parson Pengold has said yes, Mabel!"

"He knows, then?"

"Yes—all."

"Oh!"

That was not a very pleasant sort of "Oh"—or rather would not have been to ears better skilled than Francis Carew's in appreciating shades of tone. Indeed, she was not a little disappointed to find that this seemingly bold lover had come backed with authority to woo her. Very different had been the way of Captain Quickset, who came, like a prince of romance, behind authority's back, and who parted from her with a dash—through the window. This, then, was a set, tame, formal offer, after all; all cut and dried beforehand; it seemed almost as if she were being bought and sold.

"Yes," said Francis, his spirits rising as he had never known them rise, at finding her last and strongest reason so lightly swept away. "He not only consents, but is anxious that I should be your husband; ask him, and see. . . . Of course I daren't hope that you can care for me all at once, as I cared for you. That is quite a different thing. But you can give me just one word to take away, as you gave me the dahlia; and as the Parson consents, it may be whatever you please, except No. That would just send me to the devil for good and all: I was near enlisting once, for a much smaller thing. As to religion, that's nothing; and as for travelling—if you tell me to go over Wrackstone edge into the sea, over I'll go."

And she had just argued, speaking of the Parson, "ought not his least word to be my law?" Bitterly she repented having set out on that course of reasons—it looked now as if she had been advancing them only to have them bowled over. Why had she not said No at first? Why had she not sworn she could never love him, however much he might strive to make her? Why had she not treated him with contempt and scorn? Well—that is not so easy to answer, seeing how hard a word No is to say when one's heart and head are playing see-saw; when to swear that one can never love is as reasonable as saying that one can never quarrel, and when her feeling towards Francis Carew, whatever it was, was anything but scorn. Moreover, it is late to ask, as well as hard to answer. Indeed, she had so mismanaged matters, through her misunderstanding of the man with whom she had to deal, that she had reached the last of her reasons without saying so much as that she could not care for him even now. That unhappy profession of obedience to the Parson's slightest wish! That was burning her ships—for she could not unsay such words as those.

No; there was no reason left on which a girl, bound to pose as being fancy free, with no other lover possible save him whose love she was pledged to conceal, could base a vow worth a straw that she could never be brought to return the love of a handsome young fellow, more than rich enough, anything but a milksop, a close neighbour, the only match she was ever likely to find, and accepted by her friends. She herself felt that such a position was not to be maintained—and what was she to do?

"There; I've made a clean heart of it now," said he, with a happy sigh; for even he, with all his self-distrust, felt that a woman who could give no better reasons than these for her doubts must needs be more than half won. How he would have marvelled could he have foreseen that morning that he would return that evening with his dahlia transformed into laurels and myrtles. How soft grew the sunshine, how sweet the air! A new light came even into the familiar face of nature, and a new music into her breathing. "And I can wait for the rest now. When shall I ask you again?"

So it seemed that Captain Quickset was not the only male being who knew how to sweep away the ground from under a woman's feet, after all. The tables were turned with a vengeance. It was Mabel who had lost her head, and Francis who had found his tongue.

"I—you"—she was beginning—"but!"

"When?" thundered from behind them. "Isn't once enough?" cried the Parson, bringing down his hand heavily and heartily on the young man's shoulder. "Give me a kiss, Mabel. You've made two men happy to-day. Wasn't Ovid right—*non sunt hee timidis*—eh? Please the pigs, we'll have a wedding. Meanwhile, come and have some ale—I mean some tea."

"But," began the lover, himself taken aback a little at having matters thus driven home without even the clear Yes of the lady, "Mabel!"

"Is a good girl, and she's set my mind at rest for ever and a day. A fig for the farmers now, and for that quack Quickset too. Madam Carew, of Hornacombe—here's the blessing of a man who isn't afraid to grow old any more; and on you too, my lad; and you shall have your pick out of the next litter. Amen."

How the rest of that evening passed neither Mabel nor

Francis could tell. What had she done? Or, rather, what had she been made to do? As for him, he was in the sixth heaven, which is better even than the seventh, seeing that there is still a further height left to hope for and desire.

It came to an end at last, however—soon for him, late for her. The Parson began to yawn, and Francis rose to go.

Indeed the Parson was more than half asleep, so that Francis could lean over Mabel and whisper to her without fear of his host's intrusion.

"Dear," said he, "you mustn't think I mean to hurry you. I never expected so much hope, even—I can't expect more than hope all in one day. Only you'll never get such love as mine, if you wait for ever and ever. Oh, I wish you could be me for one moment, so that you might know all I feel—all I can't say. . . . I will wait now. Only tell me something I can do for you—something to bring me nearer; something that will make you like me a little better for its being done. Only let it be something hard. I have never done anything in my life yet. Let the first thing I ever do be something for you."

An idea at last inspired her. He was in earnest. Why should she not take him at his word, and give him some real task that would give her time for thought, if for nothing more?

"I do indeed believe you would throw yourself into the sea if I bade you," she could not help whispering back, with a pride of which she felt ashamed. "But I won't ask you so much as that to-day. Let me see—let me think of something very, very hard. Something you would not like to do." . . .

"There is nothing I should not like to do."

"Nothing? That is a large word—so take care. Let me see. I have set my heart on seeing Cowcumber Jack," she said, looking at him so gravely and solemnly that he might see nothing childish or capricious in the command. "You know how you disappointed me by not being he!"

He saw nothing childish or capricious, yet he could not help looking embarrassed and grave. "I don't know," he said. "The poor fellow seems so happy as he is, and he does so little harm, after all; and Sir Miles Heron's keeper is such a ruffianly ass, it really does seem a shame!"

"What! when you said there was nothing you would not do? And what harm would come? You must manage for me to see him in such a way that no harm could come. But, if you won't!"

"But—I will."

Thus the sea-witch set her slave his first task to do.

(To be continued.)

"TWELFTH NIGHT" AT THE LYCEUM.

The representation of this play at the Lyceum Theatre by Mr. Henry Irving's company during the past five weeks has obtained due public favour. It is, no doubt, the weakest of Shakspeare's plays in the main interest of the story, but abounds with passages of beautiful poetry; and the subordinate plot, the trick played on Malvolio by the roguish waiting-woman, the Falstaffian recklessness of Sir Toby Belch, and the silliness of Sir Andrew Aguecheek, are fine examples of true Shakspearian humour. The part of Malvolio, one of the most original and effective in the whole range of comedy, is performed by Mr. Irving with a thorough appreciation of its characteristic features, pompous self-conceit, affected austerity, and the excessive personal vanity which betrays him to a malicious intrigue. Our Artist's principal Sketch of his figure shows him as he appears in the First Act, demurely and primly bearing his wand of stewardship, dressed in a short mantle, high ruff, black silk doublet, with chain and badge, and puffed breeches of striped silk, but without the fatal "yellow stockings" and cross-tied garters which he put on afterwards, to comply, as he thought, with the wish of his mistress, the Lady Olivia, as hinted in the false letter that Maria laid in his path. Two minor Sketches of the same droll personage are introduced on the page; in one of these, he is reading the letter which he has just picked up; in the other, he comes in his nightgown, with a candle, to scold the two roystering knights and the mischievous servant-maid for their noisy nocturnal revels. Miss Terry plays the difficult part of Viola, passing for her brother Sebastian, in the attire of a young gentleman (white satin tunic and mantle) with much grace of bearing, and with a mixture of pensiveness and playfulness that is very charming. We are inclined, however, to regard the part of Maria as the strongest female part in the play, though it is not the most refined of comedy parts. It is sustained with much vivacity by Miss L. Payne. Sir Toby, who is an inferior sort of Falstaff, lacking the spirit and intelligence of his prototype, but is an excellent specimen of the drunken idler and hanger-on in wealthy family households of that age, is well acted by Mr. David Fisher; while Mr. F. Wyatt makes a foppish Sir Andrew, somewhat resembling Master Slender. The part of the Clown, by no means one of the best of Shakspeare's Clowns or Jesters, is rendered by Mr. Calhaem. The superior personages, the Duke and the Countess, whose languishing caprices are of comparatively little interest to spectators or readers of "Twelfth Night," find at the Lyceum sufficient representatives in Mr. Terriss and Miss Rose Leclercq. The scenes are beautifully painted, including the rocky seacoast, the palace, cloisters, and gardens, and the costumes are very pretty.

"LEAVING HOME."

This interesting picture, by a French artist, was exhibited under the title of "L'Emigrante," and may be conjectured to refer to the departure of a French lady for a new home in the East or West Indies, at some period in the past history of French colonisation. The old-fashioned costume of the gentlemen recalls to mind the time when French sugar-planters in Hayti and in the Mauritius, as well as in other islands which still belong to France, and the French commercial establishments in India, made the fortunes of many private families previously to the Revolution. It may easily be imagined that a well-educated gentlewoman, connected by kindred or by marriage with the proprietor of some colonial estate, is obliged to embark at Marseilles or Havre for a long voyage, which in those days could not be so punctually and expeditiously performed as by the steam-ships of our own time. This lady is here on the point of embarking, and sits in the front room of an hôtel overlooking the quay, with her friends about her endeavouring to console her natural anxiety, her distress at "leaving home," and her fears of the perils of the ocean. The faces and attitudes of these figures are very expressive, and there is a tender sentiment pervading the whole composition. The Engraving was made by permission of Mr. Denman Tripp, the owner of the picture.

Eight persons were drowned while bathing on Friday evening and Saturday last. Three of the fatalities occurred in the Preston district and one near Scarborough, two young ladies lost their lives at St. Austell, and two men were swept away by the tide on the Northumbrian coast.

VIEWS OF THE CITY AND HARBOUR OF MARSEILLES.



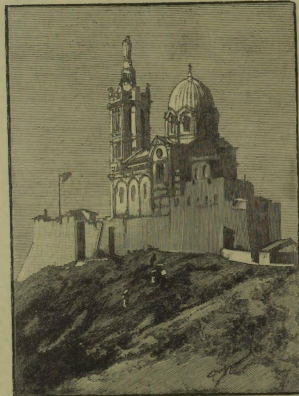
RUE CANNIÈRE.



CHATEAU D'IF.



IN THE GRAND HARBOUR.



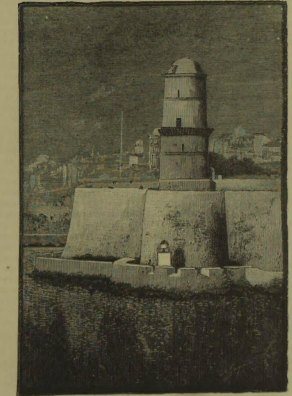
NOTRE DAME DE LA GARDE.

The great French commercial seaport of the Mediterranean has suffered terribly from the pestilence imported by vessels from the Suez Canal, though it first appeared at the naval port of Toulon. It has now greatly abated, even at Marseilles, but the mortality was dreadful, owing to the bad sanitary conditions of the town, and to the reckless habits of the mixed population. Marseilles is the most ancient seat of civilisation in Western Europe, having been a Greek mercantile colony, and a place of resort for Phœnician and Carthaginian trade, before the Roman conquest of Gaul. There was probably an overland traffic with Britain by this route, as well as from Narbonne, long previous to the exploits of Julius Cæsar. The modern city is still on one of the great maritime highways to the Levant, to Africa and Asia, as well as to Italy, and is of great commercial

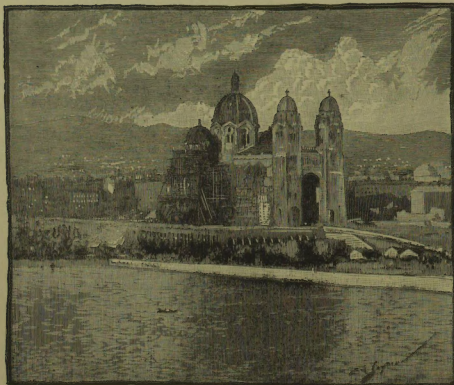


COURS DE BELSUNCE.

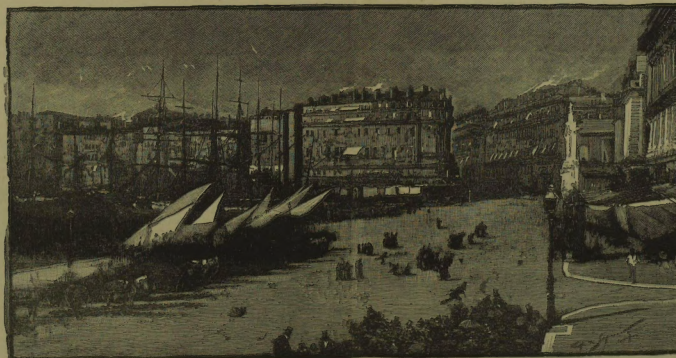
importance. It is the marine gateway of France on the South Coast, having a commodious harbour in a most convenient situation. Twenty or thirty years ago, before railway tunnels were made through the Alps, and before Venice, Naples, and Brindisi offered superior facilities to the Overland Route, it was on the way to Egypt and to India from Great Britain; and it is still one of the chief Mediterranean ports. Old travellers remember that they were accustomed to embark there for Leghorn or Civita Vecchia, when they wanted to visit Florence or Rome, going on board the steam-vessels of the Messageries Impériales, and coasting leisurely along the Riviera, stopping at Genoa, and seeing all the islands and headlands of that beautiful coast. Times have changed, but France has grown richer and busier, and her own Eastern and colonial trade has greatly



FORT ST. JEAN.



CATHEDRAL.



QUAI DE LA FRATERNITÉ.



PEST-STICKEN!

increased. Marseilles is yet the Queen of the Western Mediterranean, with an enterprising mixed population of the lively Southern races, differing much from the rest of the French nation, but intensely French in political sympathy, though always Republican at heart. The shores of the harbour, with the neighbouring isles, Ratonneau and Pomègue, 11, with its historic Château, where Mirabeau was once a prisoner, and two or three others, have a romantic aspect. They are defended by Fort St. Jean, and overlooked by the high-perched Church of Notre Dame de la Garde, crowned with a colossal gilt image of the Virgin Mary. The Alpine summits of Le Taoume, Carpiagne, and Mont Puget, look down on Marseilles from the east. The Grand Harbour and the Joliette, unhappily very foul water, receive the crowds of shipping. The experiences on landing are not very pleasant, but it is an interesting, bustling, wide-awake city. At the head of the old port, which has spacious new docks extending northward, you land in the Rue Cannebière, the centre of the town, leading to the Rue Noailles. Here is a throng of people, and a display of wealth, gaiety, and social activity, startling to the voyager who has been five or six days at sea. The Bourse, an edifice of imposing dimensions, stands close to the landing place, where fine streets and quays extend in all directions. On high ground above the Quai de la Joliette rises the Cathedral, an imposing edifice in the Byzantine style of architecture, erected at a cost of £300,000. Steam-boat passengers landing on this quay can reach the centre of the town by tram-cars through the Rue de la République, which used to be styled the Rue Impériale. The broad open thoroughfare called the Cours de Belsunce, adjacent to the Cannebière and to the Rue de Noailles, is adorned with a statue of Bishop Belsunce, who in 1720 earned the gratitude of the townsfolk by his pious labours for the relief of sufferers in a pestilence far worse than the present visitation of cholera. The Place d'Aix has a triumphal arch commemorating the victories of the Bourbon French army in Spain sixty years ago, and those of Napoleon at Marengo and Austerlitz. There are fine Boulevards in the northern and eastern suburbs, with a Palais de Longchamps, containing galleries of art, and the Promenade du Prado goes round the hill to the south. At this moment, of course, Marseilles is very *triste*. The hospitals are full of cholera patients, many of them dying, and others lie on board the hospital ships, one of which, called in our Engraving the "Pest-stricken," will be observed among the illustrations supplied by a French artist.

SEASIDE SEASON.—THE SOUTH COAST.

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RYDE	Through Tickets, including all charges.
COWES	The Trains by this route run to and from the Portsmouth Harbour Station. The Isle of Wight Trains also now run to and from the New Pier Head Station at Ryde, thereby enabling passengers to step from the Train to the Steamer and vice versa.
SANDOWN	
SHANKLIN	
VENTNOR	
BONCHURCH and FRESHWATER	
BEMBRIDGE	

SEASIDE SEASON.—NORMANDY COAST, &c.

DIEPPE	Through Tickets from Victoria and London Bridge, via Newhaven and Dieppe or Newhaven and Honfleur.
ROUEN	
PECAMP	
HAVRE	
HOVELEUR	
TROUVILLE	
CAEN	
CHERBOURG	

For full particulars see Time-Books and Tourists' Programmes of the London B. Lighton, and South Coast Railway, to be had at all Stations, and at the West-End General Inquiry Office, 23, Regent-circle, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar-square. City Office, Hays Agency, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings, and Cook's Tourist Office, Ludgate-circus; where Tickets may be obtained, as well as at the London Bridge and Victoria Stations.

By order. J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

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IMPROVED SERVICE OF FAST TRAINS is now running to YARMOUTH, Lowestoft, Clacton-on-Sea, Walton-on-the-Naze, Harwich, Dovercourt, Aldeburgh, Felixstowe, Southwold, Hunstanton, and Cromer.

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given that the sanitary condition of this town has never been better than at present. It is perfectly free from sickness owing to its sanitary arrangements. There has been NO EPIDEMIC for several years. There is none at present, except it be the Epidemic of HEALTH, from which only the doctors are the sufferers. These facts are officially certified as under by the Mayor of Boulogne.

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Several Hotels of first-rate excellence, and Hotels, Pensions, and Apartments to suit all pockets.

BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

I CERTIFY THAT NO EPIDEMIC EXISTS, nor has existed in this city for several years, and that in consequence of important ameliorations in the sanitary arrangements, Boulogne is one of the healthiest towns on the Continent. Doctor Oyon, the Medical Officer of Epidemics, also certifies that the public health was never better than at present.

Boulogne, July 21. (Signed) JULES BAUDELOQUE, Mayor.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.

THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS' New Programme, performed for the first time on Monday last.

A STERLING SUCCESS.

The new songs, from beginning to end, greeted with rapturous applause. ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION of the inimitable comedian, MR. G. W. MOORE, after an absence of four months. Performances all the year round.

EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT, DAY PERFORMANCES EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY, at THREE, as well.

Doors open for Day Performances at 2.30; for Night ditto at 7.30.

Omnibuses run direct from the Exhibition to the doors of St. James's Hall.

Prices of Admission: 1s., 2s., 3s., and 5s. No fees.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—TWELFTH NIGHT,

EVERY EVENING at 8.15. Malvolio, Mr. Henry Irving; Viola, Miss Marion Terry. Box-Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open Ten to Five.

BIRTH.

On the 3rd ult., at Zwaartkop, near Pietermaritzburg, Natal, the wife of Sydney Albert Ayre, of Bristol, England, of a son.

* * * The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.

ANNO DOMINI, by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—This great Work is now ON VIEW, together with Commemorative CISERT'S Picture of CHRIST BORNE TO THE TOMB, and other important works, at the GALLERIES, 1st, New Bond-street. Ten to six. Admission, 1s.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died. NOW ON VIEW at the DORE GALLERY, 36, New Bond-street, with his other great pictures. Ten to six daily. 1s.

THE PRINCE'S THEATRE, Coventry-street, W. LIGHTED BY ELECTRICITY. Proprietor and Manager, Mr. Edgar Bruce. EVERY EVENING, at a Quarter to Eight, the Playgirling in Twenty Minutes, called SIX AND EIGHTPENCE. At a Quarter-past Eight, a New Play, written by Messrs. Hugh Conway and Compas Carr, entitled CALLED BACK, adapted from Mr. Hugh Conway's very successful story of that name. For cast see daily papers. New scenery and costumes. Doors open at Half-past Seven. Carriages at Eleven. No fees. Box-Office open daily from Eleven to Five. Seats may be booked a month in advance.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

The fifth Session of the present Parliament, barren though it has proved, has been an unconscionably long time dying. On Monday the temperature was so abnormally high in town that the sea breezes of the Solent would have been extremely grateful to poor, limp humanity. Nevertheless, Sir Stafford Northcote plucked up courage (stimulated by the Conservative Demonstration on Saturday at Manchester, mayhap), and attacked the Government in his best style, in demanding why the Earl of Northbrook was to be sent to Egypt. The right hon. Baronet enlarged on the unwisdom of concluding the Anglo-French Agreement (which has, however, no effect now the Conference has been broken up); and skilfully, though rather fruitlessly, dissected that abandoned document. But Sir Stafford Northcote's spirited counsel that Lord Northbrook should be armed with power to act as well as to advise was not thrown away. It brought up Mr. Gladstone with the avowal that, though Lord Northbrook's mission was to inquire and to advise as to the financial condition of Egypt, yet there was nothing in his commission "to prevent its being a mission of action." The legislative failure of the Session, and the trying heat of the weather, may have accounted in some degree for the warmth of the Premier's animated reply, the vivacity of which was enhanced by the right hon. gentleman's retorts when interrupted by Lord Randolph Churchill, by Mr. Gorst, and Mr. Warton, and by Sir Stafford Northcote himself. Mr. Gladstone's unquenchable exuberance on this occasion, his final appearance for the last Session, augurs well for his forthcoming Midlothian campaign. In the debate that ensued, it was to be observed that Mr. Forster boldly expressed a hope that the Government would avail themselves of the new departure to take over the administration of Egyptian affairs; and that Sir Robert Peel favoured the House with one of his old style of rousing speeches, in the course of which he was called to order by the Speaker for a slight slip. It devolved upon Mr. Childers to defend the Ministry, which he did with exceptional spirit.

The Earl of Redesdale threw himself gallantly into the breach once more on Monday in the House of Lords. The venerable Peer again held out a flag of truce to the Government. He inquired whether the Ministerial Redistribution Bill would be presented to Parliament along with the Franchise Bill in the autumn Session. On Lord Kimberley's stating that it was the intention of the Government to bring forward the Franchise Bill alone in the autumn Session, and to introduce the Redistribution Bill when the former measure had become law, Lord Redesdale expressed his disappointment, and complained of the agitation which was being conducted outdoors, "based on the falsehood that the House of Lords is opposed to the franchise." But the point at issue between the Government and the Opposition being only the technical question of order of procedure, it may be hoped that a satisfactory arrangement may be come to at the eleventh hour.

Albeit the House of Commons was kept up till a quarter past four on Tuesday morning, through the action of a determined knot of Irish Home Rulers, who would not allow the Appropriation Act to pass through Committee till the Marquis of Hartington had given his word that any fresh evidence respecting the Maamtrasna murders would be officially inquired into, the Speaker commenced Tuesday's sitting nearly an hour earlier than usual. Having copied the style of Mr. Disraeli to the best of his ability, Lord Randolph Churchill on Tuesday adopted a former custom of the late leader of the Conservative Party; and, on the motion for the third reading of the Appropriation Act, taxed his piquant vocabulary to its utmost in a last vigorous denunciation of the Government on the score of their extravagant expenditure, which was five millions more than in the last year of the Ministry of Lord Beaconsfield. For the second time this week, the Chancellor of the Exchequer repelled with point the assault on the Treasury Bench. Mr. Childers recommended his sharp assailant to follow more closely the manner of Lord Lyndhurst and Lord Beaconsfield; and trusted the House would in the future promote economy by appointing a committee to review expenditure. The marked firmness Mr. Forster has displayed since he left the Ministry was conspicuous in the brief speech in which the right hon. gentleman urged her Majesty's Government to keep the Transvaal up to the letter of their agreement in the new Convention. It is a matter for wonderment to some that Mr. Forster is not invited to rejoin the Cabinet, which would certainly be strengthened by his return to the Ministerial fold.

The Prime Minister flitted from Downing-street to Hawarden on Tuesday. The majority of Ministers and Opposition leaders followed Mr. Gladstone's example, and fled to the Wight, to the Moors, or to their country seats. Faithful among the faithless found were the few Peers who met on Wednesday to push the Appropriation Bill; and to enable Parliament to be formally prorogued on Thursday till Sept. 15. Not till towards the end of October is Parliament expected to reassemble for the autumn County Franchise Session.

The Views of Newcastle-on-Tyne, of the city, public buildings and parks, of the river and port, and of Tynemouth, engraved for this Number of our Journal and for that of next week, are partly supplied by the aid of local photographers, whose productions are combined, in some instances, with the Sketches of our own Artist. We are indebted to Messrs. Mawson, Swan, and Morgan, publishers of photographs at Newcastle, for much assistance in this line, and to Messrs. Frith and Valentine and Messrs. W. and D. Downey for their photographs of Newcastle, and to Mr. Auty, of Tynemouth, for those of that place, and a fine view seaward of the North Pier. The View of Craggside is from a photograph by Mr. J. Worsnop, of Rothbury. Our Portrait of the Mayor of Newcastle is from a photograph by Mr. James Bacon, of that city; and those of the Sheriff and the Town Clerk, by Mr. H. S. Mendelssohn, also of Newcastle. The Portrait of the late Mr. Charles Mauby, C.E., is from a photograph by Messrs. Window and Grove, of London; and that of the late Sir Erasmus Wilson, from one by Mr. Claudet, of Regent-street.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Versailles Congress on Monday rejected by a large majority two further amendments to the Revision Bill, and subsequently, by 523 votes against 139, adopted article 1 of the measure. On Tuesday two amendments were rejected—one abolishing the Presidency of the Republic, and the other providing that the President should be directly elected by universal suffrage. An amendment suppressing the Senate was also rejected. Another prohibiting Princes of former French reigning families from residing in French territory, and proposing the confiscation of their property was rejected without discussion.—M. De Lesseps presided on Monday at the unveiling of the statue of George Sand, at La Châtre, in Berry.—Toulon and Marseilles are gradually resuming their normal aspect.—The French Government have reduced the amount of indemnity demanded from the Chinese Government to 80,000,000f., payable in ten years. At the same time, the French squadron holds Kelung, in Formosa, capturing the town, after a bombardment on the 6th inst. by a squadron of five vessels, under Admiral Lespès, without any declaration of war. Admiral Courbet is before Foochow, and four French war-ships are at Woosung.

In Monday's sitting of the Belgian Chamber of Representatives a motion, supported by the Left, to adjourn the discussion of the Elementary Education Bill, was rejected by 66 against 35 votes, and the debate on the measure accordingly commenced. Riotous demonstrations against the Clerical party and the new Ministry having taken place in Brussels, the military have been called out to preserve order.

A formidable ironclad, named Ruggiero di Lauria, was added to the Italian Navy last Saturday. Her capacity is ten thousand tons; she is fitted with ten boilers to work very powerful engines. Two turrets will be armed each with two large guns of seventy-six or one hundred tons; and the frigate will be fitted with a ram and two tubes for discharging torpedoes.—Shocks of earthquake were felt on the 7th inst. in the immediate neighbourhood of Rome.

The International Peace Conference at Berne on the 8th inst. agreed to a motion made by Mr. Appleton, of London, in favour of the neutralisation of interoceanic canals, and also declares the International Court of Arbitration Association to be constituted. The conference was then closed.

The Crown Prince of Austria has been invited by the Emperor William to attend the Imperial elk-hunting party in East Friesland next October.—A monument to the Emperor Joseph II. was unveiled at Leitmeritz, in Bohemia, on Sunday. The German-speaking portion of the population took advantage of the occasion to organise a great demonstration, the number of persons taking part in it being estimated at 20,000.—A heavy rainfall in and about Buda-Pesth has resulted in loss of life and great destruction of property, a village named Zebegny having been swept away almost entirely.

The Empress of Austria and her daughter, the Archduchess Mary, on Sunday night made an ascent of a steep and dangerous mountain known as the Austrian Rigi, in the Salzburg Alps, their object being to witness the sunrise from the summit. The Empress Eugénie arrived on Tuesday evening at Carlsbad.

The eighth International Medical Congress was opened at Copenhagen on Sunday, in the presence of the King and Queen of Denmark, the Royal family, and all the notabilities at present in the Danish capital. Sir James Paget thanked the Royal House of Denmark and the Danish nation for the gift they had presented to England in bestowing upon her the Princess of Wales, the model of a wife, a mother, and a Princess. He hoped the Congress might bring Denmark as much honour, and the whole world as much benefit, as the last congress held in London. Dr. Virchow and M. Pasteur also spoke. The congress numbers over 1500 members. There are 1000 foreign members. At six o'clock a great banquet took place at the Hôtel d'Angleterre.—The famous Danish scholar, Professor Madvig, completed on the 7th inst. his eightieth year.

The *Daily News* correspondent at Cairo telegraphs that two steamers started for the First Cataract on Monday, and that another left on Tuesday. Major Kitchener has been most enthusiastically received at Debbeh, and on his way thither. He left on Sunday. Sir Evelyn Wood was to start up the Nile on Wednesday morning. The 10th battalion of the Egyptian army, with a camel company, started for Assouan on Tuesday. The *Daily Telegraph* correspondent at Cairo states that a telegram has been received from Major Kitchener confirming the Egyptian victories over the rebels at Debbeh, which had hitherto been discredited by the authorities.

The progress of the American harvest continues satisfactory. The latest official reports from the different States indicate that the wheat crop will exceed 500 million bushels.—There was on Sunday an earthquake on the Atlantic shore of the United States, extending over a large tract of country—namely, from Maryland to Vermont, and as far as 150 miles inland. It created a great panic, and one person, a prisoner in Hartford Jail, is said to have died from fright.—The Greely Relief Expedition having arrived in New York, the corpses of the dead members of the original Expedition were landed yesterday week on Governor's Island, and received with military and naval honours, the Secretary for War, Generals Hancock and Sheridan, and other officials being present.—The number of emigrants who arrived in the United States during the fiscal year ending June 30 last was 509,834.

The mail-steamers of the Allan Line sailing from Liverpool are at present crowded to their utmost capacity by members of the British Association en route for Montreal to take part in the meetings of the body which commence in the Canadian city this month. The arrangements made for the reception and entertainment of the English visitors appear to be of a very complete description. The Canadian Government have voted £5000, and reception committees have been formed not only in Montreal itself, but at Toronto and Winnipeg, which will be visited in due course by the members. In the matter of excursions very generous arrangements have been made, notably by the Canadian Pacific Railroad, the directors of which have invited about 700 members to pay a flying visit to Manitoba and the far north-west.

It is announced from Cape Town that the Boers have been defeated in a severe engagement with the followers of Montsioa. Several Englishmen were killed.

The New South Wales Legislative Assembly has passed the third reading of the Land Bill by 65 against 30 votes. Both Houses of Parliament in Queensland and Tasmania have unanimously adopted an address praying for the introduction of a bill for the creation of a Federal Council.

The New Zealand Ministry have resigned, in consequence of the result of the elections.

Alderman O'Connor, a Nationalist, was on the 7th inst. chosen Lord Mayor of Dublin for the ensuing term.

The South Devon election took place on Wednesday. Mr. Tremayne, a Conservative, was the only candidate nominated, and he was declared elected.

NATIONAL SPORTS.

Cricketers have been enjoying a wonderful time of it during the present splendid summer; but the ground is just now in such a state that bowlers have no chance at all, and batsmen seem able to make almost any scores they like. This was thoroughly exemplified in the third great match between England and Australia, which was begun at the Oval on Monday last. The Colonists, who won the toss, of course elected to go in, and gave a really marvellous display of batting. Murdoch made 211—by far the largest individual score ever put together in any of the contests between the two countries—and M'Donnell (103) and Scott (102) helped the side materially to reach the gigantic total of 551. The whole of the English team bowled, a very unusual circumstance; and, easily enough, the Hon. A. Lyttelton, who secured four wickets at a very small cost with his "lob" was the only one that met with any marked success. England began badly; but, after seven wickets had fallen, W. W. Read (117) and Scotton (90) came to the rescue, and the total finally reached 346. The result, of course, ended in a draw, and England has thus won the rubber.

Yachtsmen are very busy just at present, and, if only there were a little more wind, the weather would be perfect for the enjoyment of their favourite sport. At the Royal Yacht Squadron Regatta a prize of £75, sailed for over the Queen's Cup course, was won by the Marjorie, the Lorna taking £50 for second. Another race for yachts of not less than 30 tons could not be finished, as there was no wind, and the first, second, and third prizes went to the Wraith, Vega, and Cetonia, respectively. There was a very fine race for the Albert Cup, of the value of 180 gs., at the Royal Albert Yacht Club Regatta. Five vessels started, and the handsome prize fell an easy prey to the Genesta, who beat the Marjorie with something in hand. At the regatta of the Royal London Yacht Club the Wraith came in first in a race round the Isle of Wight, but the Ulerin took the prize on her time allowance.

From the reports of correspondents in various districts of England and Scotland it appears that the grouse season, on the whole, opened very favourably.

Mr. Rowland Winn, M.P., has made a reduction of 25 per cent on the last half-year's rent of his agricultural tenants; and Mr. G. T. Sotheron Estcourt, M.P., has made a reduction of 10 per cent.

The Lord Mayor entertained at a banquet yesterday week the representatives of the Foreign Governments at the International Health Exhibition, the Foreign Delegates to the International Conference on Education, and a number of other gentlemen specially interested in the spread of scientific knowledge throughout the world.

At the meeting of the Metropolitan Board of Works yesterday week, the chairman stated the surveyor of Dulwich College had mentioned to him that the governors proposed to devote seventy-two acres of their land for a public park, provided the Board would obtain an Act of Parliament, take the land, and keep it as an open space for ever. The matter was referred to the Works and General Purposes Committee.

Five thousand four hundred and thirty-six volunteers proceeded to Aldershot last Saturday for eight days' drill with the regular troops. During this time they are under the Articles of War, and subject to the Mutiny Act. Where possible they pitch and strike the tents issued for their use, assist in the cooking, and generally perform all the details of camp life, besides the drills and parades prescribed by the commander of the division, General Sir Archibald Alison.

The Lord Mayor was present at the reopening of the Brunswick Wesleyan Chapel, Three Colts-street, Limehouse, on Sunday evening, and delivered a discourse on the words "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." His appearance as a private gentleman rather disappointed a large crowd who had assembled to see him arrive, and who evidently expected something like a civic show. The pastor said it was a good sign for Christianity when men of position condescended to visit the East-End and preach the Gospel to the people.

The emigration returns to the end of last month show that during July 21,739 emigrants of British origin left the United Kingdom, being 4587 below the number that sailed in July, 1883. Those going to the United States were 13,060 last month, and in 1883, 13,488; to British North America last month 3776, in 1883, 4957; to Australasia last month 4091, in 1883, 7187. During the seven months of this year the number of British emigrants was 150,868, as compared with 205,281 during the first seven months of 1883; 95,336 British emigrants went to the United States in the past seven months, as compared with 127,976 in the first seven months of 1883; to British North America sailed 23,252, and in 1883, 32,793; and to Australasia 26,890 this year, and 37,721 in 1883. For the past seven months the English were 85,629 out of the total of British origin 150,868, and for the last month the English were 14,541 of the total of 21,739.

The Wesleyan Conference at Burslem closed yesterday week, the Rev. Dr. Greeves, president, in the chair. Foreign mission affairs came under review, and an important debate took place on the proposal to reduce the staff of secretaries at the mission house. Ultimately it was resolved to remit the consideration of the question to a special committee. The sanction of the Conference was given to the Rev. Ebenezer E. Jenkins to visit officially the Wesleyan missions in India and China. Temperance affairs, Sabbath observance, necessitous local preachers' fund, the custody of official Methodist documents, and other matters next came under review. The Rev. George Sargent took leave of the Conference, being about to proceed to the West Indies as President of the proposed New Conference. At noon the business was concluded, and the public were admitted to witness the signing of the "Journal." The usual votes of thanks were presented, devotional exercises followed, and the Conference closed.

A quarterly court of the governors of the Brompton Consumption Hospital was held on the 7th inst. in the board-room of the hospital at Brompton—Mr. T. P. Beckwith in the chair. From the report of the committee of management, read by the secretary (Mr. Dobbin), it appeared that since the annual court both buildings, containing 331 beds, had remained fully occupied; but the committee were now about to close part of the older building for needful colouring and cleaning. The question of funds continued to be an anxious one for the committee, the expenses being increased to about £24,000 a year by the opening of the extension building. There was only one bequest to announce—viz., the residue of the estate of the late Mr. Stallibrass, from which very little, if any, benefit was expected to accrue to the charity; but the sum of £1500 had been received from Mr. J. D. Allcroft, a friend of long standing; and a further donation of £250 from Mr. and Mrs. Vertue Edwards, instead of a legacy. But for this assistance, the committee would have been compelled to order a further sale of stock. Mr. H. Herbert Taylor had been appointed assistant resident medical officer. The number of in-patients admitted since May 29 was 287; discharged, many greatly benefited, 285; died, 59; new out-patient cases, 2403.

MUSIC.

The close of the opera season always leaves more or less of a lull in London music. Of late years, however, this has been but of very brief duration, being quickly followed by other musical performances; the earliest of which, this year, were those of the Royal English Opera Company at the Standard Theatre, which began—as already recorded—last Monday week. The next musical event was the opening of a new series of promenade concerts at Covent Garden Theatre—again under the lesseeship of Mr. W. F. Thomas. The performances began last Saturday evening, when a fine band of about 100 instrumentalists—headed by Mr. Carrodus as solo and leading violinist—gave effect to various orchestral pieces, more or less well known; to selections from M. Planquette's "Nell Gwynne" and Bellini's operas in instrumental arrangements, and a new characteristic march, "The Roll of the Drums," by Asch. The occasional co-operation of the band of the Coldstream Guards was a feature of the evening, as was the singing of Mr. Stedman's Choir in the vocal obbligate to a spirited new waltz, entitled "See-saw," composed by Mr. A. Gwyllyn Crowe, the conductor. The performances of the solo vocalists were perhaps the most welcome items to the majority of the audience. Madame Rose Hersee, Madame Enriquez, Mr. Maas, and Mr. Santley were heard in popular vocal pieces, to the great contentment of the large number of visitors who filled the theatre, which, as well as the adjoining Floral Hall, was brilliantly illuminated by electric light. The programmes of the following evenings were also of a varied and attractive nature.

POLITICAL MEETINGS.

Last Saturday was a day of political activity, the Conservatives having most of the innings. A Conservative demonstration of unusual magnitude was held in Manchester, attended by many thousands of people from different parts of Lancashire. The Marquis of Salisbury formulated an indictment of failure against the Government, and defended the course taken by the House of Lords. Lord Randolph Churchill was certain that, notwithstanding the clamours of Radical agitators, an appeal to the people was imminent. Lord Stanhope addressed a large Conservative gathering at his seat, Chevening Park, Sevenoaks. Sir Charles Mills, M.P., also addressed the assemblage. Lord Wimborne presided at a Conservative meeting at Lancaster, which was addressed at length on the present situation by Mr. Gibson, M.P. There was a Conservative demonstration at Bangor, presided over by the Hon. Sackville West. Mr. James Anderson Rose entertained the members of the Wandsworth and Putney Working Men's Conservative Association, the Battersea Conservative Association, and the Battersea Beaconsfield Club, at a social gathering in his extensive grounds at Wandsworth-common. At a meeting to protest against the continued existence of the House of Lords, held in the evening in St. James's Hall—Sir Wilfrid Lawson, M.P., in the chair—a resolution was passed declaring that the House of Peers in Parliament is useless and injurious, and ought to be abolished. All over the country other meetings were held for the purpose of advocating reform and condemning the action of the House of Lords.

The Judges rose for the Long Vacation on Tuesday, and the Law Courts will not reassemble again until Oct. 24, when the Michaelmas sittings begin.

Mr. Frank Lockwood, Q.C., of the North-Eastern Circuit, has been appointed Recorder of Sheffield, in succession to Mr. Justice Wills.

Princess Beatrice has consented to become President of the London Musical Society, that post having become vacant owing to the death of the Duke of Albany.

At Manchester, on Saturday last, a testimonial was presented to Mr. and Mrs. Mundella, subscribed by the cotton operatives of Lancashire, in recognition of the efforts made by the right hon. gentleman in shortening the hours of factory labour.

The Wellington statue, which has arrived safely at Aldershot, has been deposited at the military stores close to the South Camp, pending the erection of a suitable stand or pedestal on which to place it.

The Great Western Railway Company on Saturday last opened a portion of the Staines and West Drayton Railway—from West Drayton to the old posting town of Colnbrook, on the borders of Bucks and Middlesex.

The Art Union of London opened on Tuesday, at their new galleries, 112, Strand, the forty-eighth annual exhibition of the pictures and other works of art selected by the prizeholders in the current year. As a whole the collection does credit to the taste and judgment of the owners.

The sixth annual Army Rifle Meeting was brought to a close last Saturday with several competitions. The Scottish Rifles have repeated the victories of last year, winning successively the Regimental Trophy, the Championship, the Duke of Connaught's Cup, and the Bowyers'. The prizes were distributed at the close of the shooting by Lady Alison.

The imports of live stock and fresh meat to this country from the United States and Canada landed at Liverpool last week show a falling off in the arrivals of both live stock and fresh meat when compared with those of preceding weeks. The total imports amounted to 1962 cattle, 5517 quarters of beef, and 355 carcasses of mutton.

Much damage was occasioned in various parts of England by thunderstorms last Saturday night and Sunday morning. In Darwen a young man named Marsden, living in Duckworth-street, was killed by the lightning while playing at football. A thunderstorm passed over the metropolis early on Tuesday morning, and many parts of the country were similarly visited, some with fatal results.

The Board of Trade have awarded a binocular glass to Captain Mathieu Correwyn, of the Belgian fishing-vessel Avenir, of Antwerp, in recognition of his humanity and kindness to three of the crew of the fishing-smack Ben Bolt, of Hull, whom he picked up near the Doggerbank on Dec. 10 last, after they had been in an open boat for twenty-six hours without food or water.

The School Board for London on the 7th inst. completed their consideration of the superannuation and pension scheme. The Works Committee received special instructions to see after the sanitary arrangements of the schools during the recess. The half-yearly balance-sheet was received. Several notices of motion were postponed. After getting through all the pressing routine business the board adjourned over the holidays till Oct. 9.

The Marine Biological Association of Great Britain have decided to build, at an expense of £10,000, their first laboratory, on the foreshore of Plymouth Hoe. The authorities have given the site, and local biologists have offered a contribution of £1000. The Clothworkers' Company have marked their sense of the importance of the proposal by voting a donation of £500, payable by annual instalments of £100, towards the fund.

OBITUARY.

SIR W. J. CODRINGTON.

General Sir William John Codrington, G.C.B., Colonel Coldstream Guards, Knight of the Legion of Honour, the Military Order of Savoy, the Turkish Order of Medjidieh, and the Médaille Militaire of France, Commander-in-Chief in the Crimea, November, 1855, to July, 1856, died on the 6th inst. He was born Nov. 20, 1801, the second son of the famous Admiral Sir Edward Codrington, G.C.B., who was Captain of the Orion at Trafalgar, and commanded the Allied Fleets at Navarino. Sir William received his education at Harrow and Sandhurst, entered the Army in 1821 and attained the rank of General in 1863. His rise was most rapid. He left England a Colonel in 1854 and came from the Crimea in 1856 Commander-in-Chief. He took a distinguished part at the battles of Alma and Inkerman, and throughout the whole campaign to its close. His gallant services were most highly mentioned in the despatches. On his return he sat in Parliament as a Liberal for Greenwich, 1857 to 1859, and was Governor of Gibraltar 1859 to 1865. He married, 1836, Mary, daughter of Mr. Levi Ames, of The Hyde, Herts, and by her (who is one of the Bedchamber Women to her Majesty) leaves issue, one son and two daughters.

SIR F. P. BARLEE.

Sir Frederick Palgrave Barlee, K.C.M.G., who left England on June 2 to administer the government of Trinidad during the illness of the Governor, died on the 8th inst., at Trinidad. He served in the Ordnance Department from 1811 to 1855, when he was appointed Colonial Secretary of Western Australia, and became a member of the Executive and Legislative Councils of that Colony. From 1877 to 1883 he held the post of Lieutenant-Governor of British Honduras. Sir Frederick married, in 1851, Jane, daughter of Edward J. Osmond, Esq., of Coleraine, in the county of Londonderry.

MR. JERVOLSE SMITH.

Mr. Jervoise Smith, M.A., a partner in the banking-house of Smith, Payne, and Smith, and M.P. for Falmouth and Penryn, 1866 to 1868, died at Folkestone on the 21st ult., aged fifty-five. He was eldest son of Mr. John Abel Smith, M.P. (nephew of the first Lord Carrington), by Anne, his wife, daughter of Sir Samuel Clarke Jervoise, Bart., and was educated at Eton and at Trinity College, Cambridge. He married, 1874, Margaret Louisa, daughter of the ninth Lord Willoughby de Broke, and leaves a daughter, Dorothy Anne. Mr. Jervoise Smith assisted, in 1855, in the administration of the Crimean Army Fund. He was formerly Major 2nd Regiment Middlesex Militia, chairman of the Public Works Loan Commission, and deputy-chairman of the Clearing-House of London Bankers.

BISHOP CLAUGHTON.

Bishop Piers Calverly Cloughton died, on the 11th inst., after a long illness. He was the son of the late Mr. Thomas Cloughton, and brother of the present Bishop of St. Albans. Born in 1814, he was educated at Brasenose College, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. with first class honours in 1835. After gaining other distinctions he was appointed to the Rectory of Elton, Huntingdonshire. Having held the Bishoprics of St. Helena and Colombo successively, he was in 1870 appointed Archdeacon of London, and in 1875 succeeded the Rev. G. R. Gleig as Chaplain-General to the Forces. Dr. Cloughton was the author of several clerical essays.

We have also to record the deaths of—

The Duke of Wellington, who on the 13th inst. dropped dead at the Brighton station as he was about to enter the train for London. A memoir of his Grace will be given next week.

Lord Lauderdale, on the 12th inst., from a stroke of lightning, as he was riding across the Braidshaw Rigg. His memoir will appear next week.

Sir Erasmus Wilson, on the 8th inst. A portrait and a memoir of this distinguished surgeon are given in this issue.

The Rev. John Field, M.A., for twenty-six years Rector of West Rounton, Northallerton, Yorkshire, on the 31st ult., aged seventy-one.

Deputy-Surgeon-General Triumell, late of the Madras Army, who fell dead on the beach at Jersey, on the 9th inst., as he was about to enter the sea to bathe.

Lieutenant-General Archibald Richard Harene, of Kimpton House, Herts, on the 5th inst. He served with the 97th in India 1857-8, and was at the siege and capture of Lucknow.

Colonel Montgomery, commanding the 13th Regimental District, and formerly of the Prince Albert's (Somersetshire) Light Infantry, who died suddenly in Taunton on the 9th inst.

Viscountess Stopford, at Windsor, on the 12th inst., leaving a young family. Her Ladyship, a daughter of the late Lord Braybrooke, had just completed her twenty-ninth year, and was married, in 1876, to Viscount Stopford, eldest son of the Earl of Courtown.

Mr. Robert Spear Hudson, of the Bache, Chester, at Scarborough, suddenly, of heart disease. Besides his recent contributions of £1000 each to the Congregational Jubilee and to the North Wales College funds, Mr. Hudson was a liberal benefactor to all the charities of his district.

Mr. George Frederick Pardon, the well-known essayist and editor, at Canterbury, on the 5th inst. He was born in 1824, and from a very early age was occupied in literary pursuits. He gained likewise celebrity, under the pseudonym "Captain Crawley," by his writings on billiards, whist, chess, cricket, and other pastimes. The articles on billiards and bagatelle in the last edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" were from his pen.

The Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry has accepted the presidency of the Royal Caledonian Asylum, Holloway, rendered vacant by the death of the late Duke.

A fire broke out on Tuesday morning in Wilton-road, Pimlico, on the premises of Mr. Abrahams, a hatter, who, with his mother, son, and daughter, was burned to death. Four others were saved.

During the last thirty years the Royal Mint at Sydney, Australia, coined 1,624,086 sovereigns and 157,276 half-sovereigns; while the Melbourne Mint has, since 1872, struck 1,931,333 sovereigns and 65,500 half-sovereigns.

The Earl of Mount Edgecumbe on Tuesday laid the foundation-stone of a new meteorological observatory at Falmouth, to be carried on under the direction of the Meteorological Office, London.

The southern detachments of the Artillery Volunteers marched into camp at Shoeburyness last Saturday, and Divine service was performed in the mess tent on Sunday by the chaplain to the Marquis of Londonderry.

The Queen has given her patronage and a contribution of £50 towards the building fund of the Working Lads' Institute, The Mount, Whitechapel, London. The object of the institute is to promote the welfare of the working lads of the metropolis by establishing a suitable place where they may profitably spend the evening hours.



THE LATE SIR ERASMUS WILSON, F.R.S.

We regret to announce the death, on Friday last week, of this eminent surgeon and munificent public benefactor, whose charities and active services to his fellow-creatures, in manifold ways, have gained a reputation equal to that of his attainments as a scientific physiologist, and as a scholar. Sir William James Erasmus Wilson was born in 1809, studied anatomy and medicine in London and Aberdeen, became a member of the Royal College of Surgeons in 1831, a Fellow of the College in 1843, one of the Council in 1870, and President in 1871. In 1869, having founded at his own expense the chair of Dermatology, and the Museum of that branch of science, at the same College, he became its first Professor. He was the most eminent authority upon diseases of the skin, and wrote many learned treatises upon that subject, besides conducting a quarterly journal of cutaneous medicine, contributing to other scientific journals and cyclopædias, and often delivering lectures and addresses. He was author or editor of several works treating of the study and practice of anatomy, of a "History of the Middlesex Hospital," and of some books of a more literary or popular character. "Food, as a Means of Prevention of Disease," and "The Eastern or Turkish Bath," with an edition of Hufeland's "Art of Prolonging Life," were designed to aid the cause of sanitary reform. A holiday tour among the spas of Germany and Belgium was described in a pleasant little narrative. He devoted much attention to Egyptian antiquities and history, and the result of these studies is partly contained in his volume entitled "The Egypt of the Past," which was published in 1881, and in that of 1878, on "Cleopatra's Needle, with brief Notes on Egypt and Egyptian Obelisks." The obelisk now on the Thames Embankment, it is well known, lay for many centuries in the sands at Alexandria, and was presented to England after the military expedition of Sir Ralph Abercromby in 1801, in which one of the near relatives of Erasmus Wilson served as an officer of the British Army. The obelisk was not then removed; it was again repeatedly offered to us by the rulers of Egypt, and finally by the late Khedive in 1877, but still her Majesty's Government did not think it worth the expense of transport. Erasmus Wilson then generously undertook to have it brought to England at his own cost, and it was done, at an expense of more than £10,000, the obelisk being safely placed in London in September, 1878. The various acts of pecuniary beneficence performed by Erasmus Wilson cannot here be fully enu-

rated. He bestowed valuable endowments on the Royal College of Surgeons, and founded the chair of Pathology in the University of Aberdeen. He erected a handsome chapel and new wing for the Sea-Bathing Infirmary at Margate, built the Master's House at the Epsom Medical College, and restored the parish church of Swanscombe, in Kent. In November, 1881, the Queen conferred upon Erasmus Wilson the honour of knighthood. He died at his residence, The Bungalow, Westgate-on-Sea. He has left no children, but was married, in 1841, to Miss Doherty, daughter of Mr James Doherty, who survives him. Among the honours not already enumerated which Sir Erasmus Wilson enjoyed were those of Fellow of the Royal Society, honorary LL.D. of the University of Cambridge, Vice-President of the Society of Biblical Archaeology, and President of the Egypt Exploration Fund. The Council of the Royal College of Surgeons awarded to him their honorary gold medal two days before his death.

THE LATE MR. C. MANBY, C.E.

This eminent civil engineer, whose death was recorded last week, had reached the eightieth year of his age. He was trained to the profession by his father, who was the first inventor of marine steam-engines with oscillating cylinders, and was employed, in 1820, in the construction and navigation of the Aaron Manby, the first iron steam-vessel that ever made a sea-voyage. He was afterwards engaged in the erection of the first gasworks at Paris, and in the management of French ironworks at Charenton and at Creusot; he was also for some time employed by the French Government as chief engineer of the tobacco factories. In 1829, he became connected with the Beaufort ironworks in South Wales, but came to London in 1836, and obtained a large general practice in his profession, being also connected, in later years, with the firm of Robert Stephenson and Co., of Newcastle-on-Tyne. He was Secretary of the Institute of Civil Engineers from 1839 to 1856, and received a handsome testimonial on resigning that office. He was a member of the International Scientific Commission on the project of the Suez Canal, and joint secretary with M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire in the preliminary stage of that undertaking. The formation of the Engineer and Railway Volunteer Staff Corps was due to Mr. Manby, who held the commission of

THE LATE MR. C. MANBY, C.E.,
LIEUT.-COL. ENGINEER AND RAILWAY VOLUNTEER STAFF CORPS.

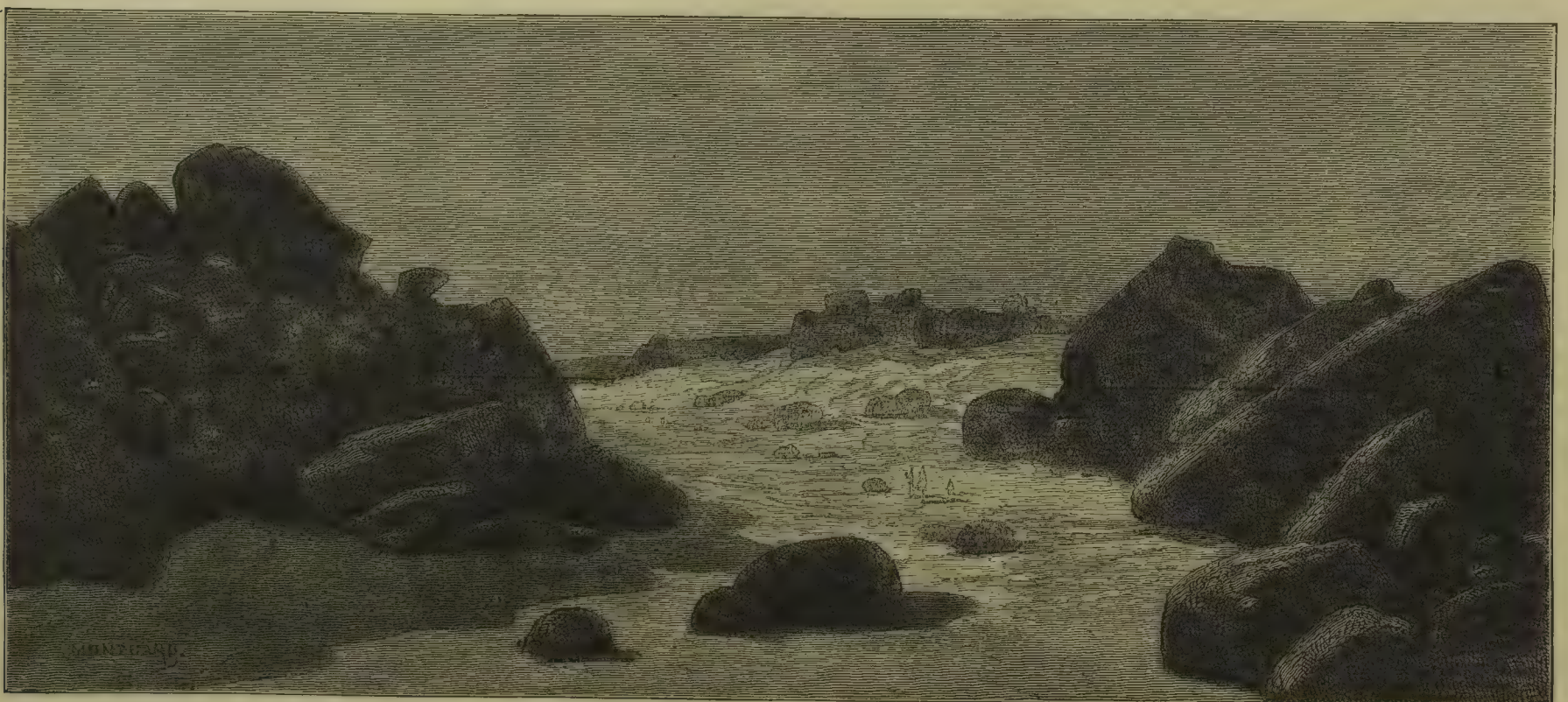
Lieutenant-Colonel in command of that corps, and he was often consulted by Government on business of military transport and the defences of the country. He received honorary distinctions from several foreign Governments.

"THE KING OF JESMOND."

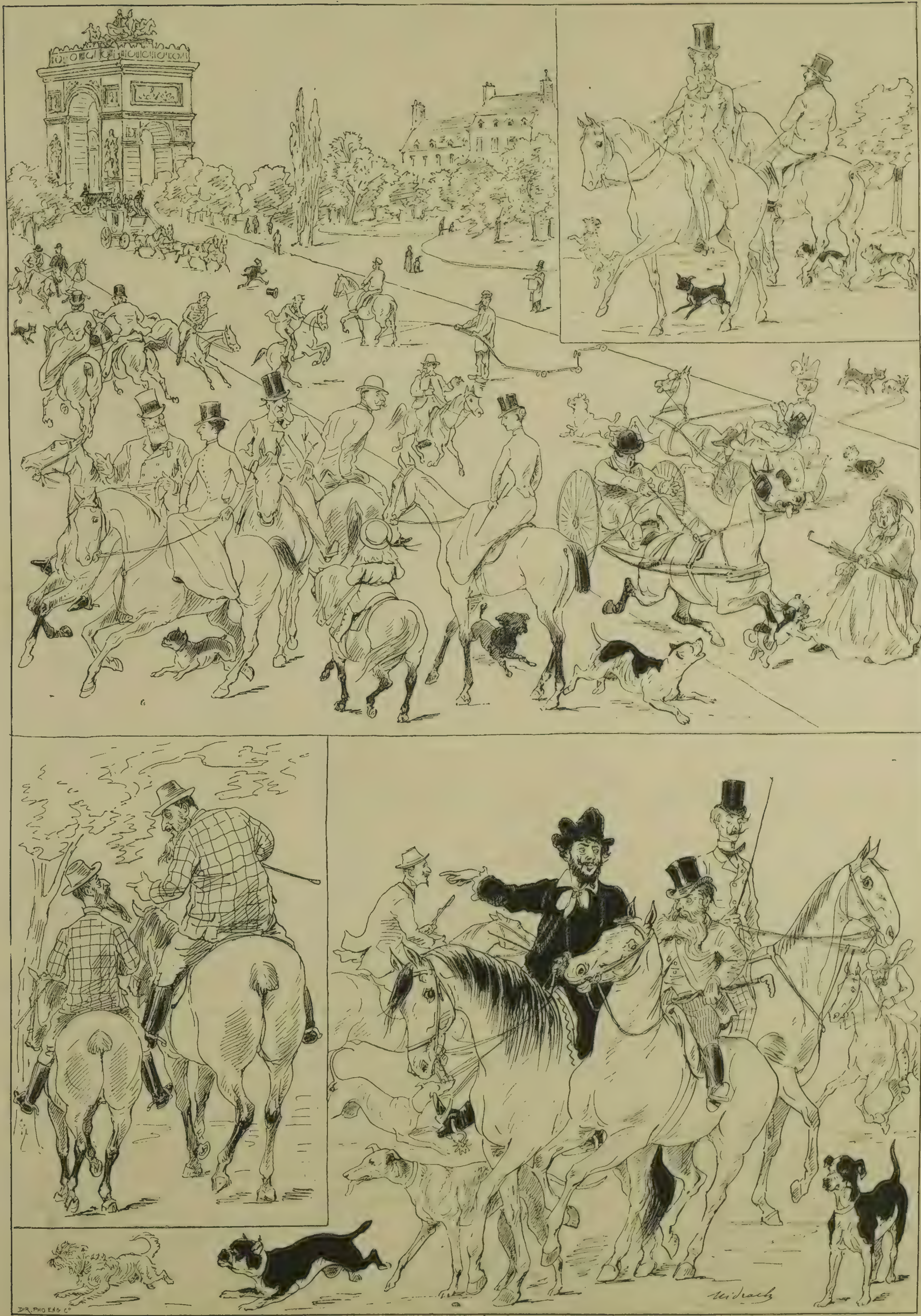
Jesmond Dene, adjacent to the great industrial town of Newcastle-on-Tyne, and to the Newcastle residence of Sir William Armstrong, has, by his munificent gift, become a place of public recreation; and he is the donor of additional benefits to the people, of which more will be said next week, upon the occasion of the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales. But it has been necessary, within the last few days, to cut down a well-known old tree, which was already dead, sometimes called "the King of Jesmond," as it stood in the way of widening the road by which the Royal visitors will pass to open Armstrong Park. Our illustration, from a sketch by Mr. Ralph Hedley, representing the act of destruction, may be interesting to those acquainted with the neighbourhood, and serve as a memorial of the changes now in progress.

ASSOUAN AND PHILÆ.

The numerous Views of Upper Egypt which have appeared in this Journal include several of Assouan, the frontier town and trading river-port a few miles below the First Cataract or Rapid of the Nile, and of the isle of Philæ, with its ruins of superb ancient temples, a little way higher up. Our present illustration shows the land road between those two places, which are seven miles distant from each other. At Assouan the battalions of Sir Evelyn Wood's army are the 2nd and 3rd of the 1st or English-officered brigade, commanded respectively by Lieutenant-Colonel Holled Smith (60th Rifles) and Lieutenant-Colonel P. Trotter (93rd Highlanders). There is a detachment of Egyptian artillery with eight 9-centimetre Krupp guns, serving as guns of position, and there are two Gatlings. The whole force is under Colonel F. Duncan, R.A., Colonel-Commandant of the Egyptian artillery. With each battalion there are several English officers. The ground for encamping the troops is on a broken, rocky plateau of considerable elevation near the Nile on its right bank, about a

TREE CALLED "THE KING OF JESMOND,"
AT NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

SKETCHES IN UPPER EGYPT: ROAD FROM ASSOUAN TO PHILÆ.



PARIS ON HORSEBACK: SKETCHES BY "NIDRACH."—SEE PAGE 163.

quarter of a mile south of Assouan. The full advantage of the breezes prevalent during the night is thus obtained, and there is a diminished temperature corresponding to the elevation. The vicinity of the river also removes all difficulty in the matter of water, except that of transport. Batteries with alternative embrasures have been erected on the plateau to command the town, the main caravan roads, and the Assouan end of the short railway which enables the cataract to be passed. Steam-proof works have been erected for the infantry, and huts of stone and sun-dried brick for the English officers. Reserves of ammunition and stores are kept in barges on the river below the camp. We are informed that the health of the troops has been excellent—far better than in Cairo. Their cheerfulness under all circumstances—notably when engaged in working parties, for all the works have been made by military labour—is remarkable and gratifying; and if the unknown quantity, courage, could be ascertained and found to be considerable, we should hear no more about the abolition of the Egyptian army.

CITY ECHOES.

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 13.

Though the present traffic experience is far worse than was thought possible until quite recently, Mexican Railway stocks are firmer than they were last week. This is due in the first place to a natural reaction after the very severe fall of the past account, while more general considerations arise in connection with the notification that Sir Spencer St. John's mission has so far been successful that diplomatic relations have been resumed between Great Britain and Mexico. It is easy for market operators to at once make sure of a settlement of the debt, revived commercial relations, and an augmented trade over the Mexican Company's lines. But all this is not going to happen in a week or a month, and in the meantime the traffic statements will rule the market. Altogether, apart from what speculators may put about, it is clear that the minimum position is not yet known. A large and similar business is being done in Grand Trunk Stocks, and they are better just now upon repurchases by recent sellers, and because of the benefit which must accrue to the company from the greatly improved harvest prospects of old Canada, as well as of most other parts of the world.

From the end of September to the 17th of October the Bank of England will, under instructions from her Majesty's Government, be open to receive assents from the holders of Consols and other National Three per Cents, for the conversion of their holdings into 2½ or 2¼ per cent annuities. The terms of conversion are that for £100 Three per Cents be given £102 2½ per cent stock, or £108 2¼ per cent stock. The 2½ per cents will be identical with those now in the market, and interest on both will be payable quarterly on the 5th of January, April, July, and October. The 2¼ and 2½ per cent stocks will not be repayable until Jan. 5, 1905, and then the Government may, on one month's notice, repay at par, but in amounts of not less than £5,000,000 2¼ per cents, and £14,000,000 2½ per cents. The question which holders will ask is—should we convert? There is, of course, the risk that those who do not convert now will have presently to be paid off at par, or only be allowed to convert at less favourable terms than those now offered. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, no doubt, hopes that such will be the result of delay; but there are many who do not share his confidence, and who do not fear disadvantage from delay.

The London General Omnibus accounts to be presented next week are in the highest degree satisfactory. The dividend is raised from 10 per cent per annum to 12½, and the several funds of the company have been added to. The Consols and Indian Government Guaranteed Stocks held have been increased since June last year from £112,254 to £124,749, the value of the company's stock of all kinds from £66,479 to £79,588, and the reserve funds from £96,934 to £119,031. Tramways and railways appear to take away long-distance passengers, but the short-distance passengers increase at the rate of seven or eight millions a year. The fare per head is in consequence less, while the aggregate taking and the net result are much larger.

The Town and County Bank of South Australia is the most recent addition to the banks in London. The headquarters of the company of course remain in Adelaide.

T. S.

The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, after an absence of six weeks, returned to Dublin on Tuesday, and resumed his residence at the Viceregal Lodge.

The annual meeting of the Grand National Archery Societies, at St. Mark's Recreation Ground, Windsor, was brought to a close yesterday week. The sport was confined to handicaps shot by the ladies and gentlemen who had competed in the various contests. The Champion Badge for ladies was won by Mrs. Pain Leigh; the County Challenge Cup was won by Surrey; the Champion Gold Medal for Gentlemen was carried off by Mr. C. E. Nesham, Spedding; and the Memorial Challenge Cup, presented by the Royal Toxophilite Society, was won by Major Fisher. Mrs. Richardson Gardner, wife of the member for the Royal borough, distributed the prizes, valued at nearly £300.

THE CHURCH.

The Queen has given £200 to the Truro Cathedral fund. The Convocation of the Provinces of Canterbury and York have been prorogued to Tuesday, Sept. 16. The Goldsmiths' Company and the Grocers' Company have each given £100 to the Church Pastoral Aid Society. The old Anglo-Norman Church of St. Oswald, at Crowle, has been reopened by the Bishop of Nottingham, after thorough restoration.

A pastoral staff is to be presented to the Bishop of Carlisle for the use of the see by the Lord Lieutenant of Cumberland on the day of the opening of the Church Congress.

Yesterday week Mrs. Gladstone, in presence of a large number of ladies and gentlemen, laid the foundation-stone of a new church for the St. Marylebone parish church.

At the Cannon-street Hotel last Saturday, the members of the Church of England Working Men's Society celebrated their eighth anniversary meeting. It was stated that the society now numbers 7500.

Two rich windows from the studio of Mr. Taylor, of Berners-street, have been presented to Harleston church, the gift of friends, in memory of Mr. Hazard, in his lifetime a benefactor to the church.

A Parliamentary return has been issued showing the names of all clergymen of the Church of England who have executed deeds of relinquishment of their office from July 5, 1873, to Feb. 7, 1884. The list includes sixty-two names.

The Rev. Capel Cure, of St. George's, Hanover-square, was installed Canon of Windsor yesterday week at St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle, in the room of the Rev. R. W. Boyd-Carpenter, the newly appointed Bishop of Ripon.

Last Saturday the Bishop of London reconsecrated the old parish Church of St. Nicholas, Chiswick, which has been almost entirely rebuilt by the munificence of Mr. H. Smith, one of the churchwardens.

The Bishop of Gloucester on Tuesday re-dedicated the spire of St. Incheombe church, which was destroyed by lightning in November last. His Lordship has also reopened the ancient Norman church at Rodmanton, one of the oldest edifices in his diocese.

The restoration of the great north door of Westminster Abbey is rapidly advancing towards completion. The sculpture is elaborate, and has occupied the workmen many months. We hear that the cost, which is defrayed out of Abbey funds, amounts to upwards of £12,000.

The new parish church of Glendinnes, Banffshire, was on Monday struck by lightning during a thunderstorm and set on fire. The bellry was completely consumed, and the roof was much damaged before the flames could be extinguished. When its fastenings gave way, the bell fell into the edifice and smashed many seats and some woodwork in the interior.

The Earl of Yarborough has given £200 towards restoring the old Norman church at Thornton Curtis, and Mr. Rowland Winn, M.P., £580, the estimated cost of rebuilding the church. Of the total expenditure, about £2000 has been contributed by the local landowners, the Bishops of Lincoln and Southwell, Mr. James Lowther, M.P., and others.

On the 7th inst., the Archbishop of York reopened Nunington parish church, which dates back to 1280, and possesses great historic interest. The chief donors to the restoration fund were the Archbishop of York, the Bishop of Norwich, Sir Reginald Graham, Sir William Worsley, Lady H. Pelham, and Mrs. Ruston, of Newby Wiske.

By permission of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the aged inmates of the Croydon Workhouse held their annual "outing" in the grounds of Addington Palace; and on the previous day the Addington Working Men's Horticultural Society held its fifth annual flower show in the park. The Primate, being at Osborne, was unable to take part in the proceedings of either day.

The Rev. George Taylor Braine, Curate of Holy Trinity, Hampstead, and Assistant-Secretary of the Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, has been appointed by the Simeon Trustees to the important living of Liskeard, Cornwall; the Rev. W. Smale, M.A., Curate of St. Jude's, South Kensington, has been instituted by the Bishop of London to the Vicarage of St. Philip's, Earl's-court, Kensington; and the Archbishop of Canterbury has appointed the Rev. Francis Gell, Curate-in-charge of Lydd, near Folkestone, to the living of Edburton, near Hurslepierpoint, Sussex, void by the cession of the Rev. Christopher H. Wilkie.

In London last week 2212 births and 1624 deaths were registered. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 349 below, whereas the deaths exceeded by 29, the numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years.

On Tuesday the annual meeting of the British Pharmacists was held at the Castle Hotel Assembly Rooms, Hastings, Mr. John Williams, president, in the chair. The presidential address reviewed the progress of chemical science within the last few years, especially dealing with coal-tar products, and the results of experiments in gases conducted under immense pressure but very low temperature.

THE COURT.

The Queen, who continues in good health, drives out almost daily. On Sunday morning her Majesty, the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany, Princess Beatrice, and Princesses Victoria, Sophie, and Margaret of Prussia, attended Divine service at Osborne. The Bishop of Ripon officiated. Sir William Vernon Harcourt and the Bishop of Ripon dined with the Queen. The Queen went over to visit the Crown Prince and Princess at Osborne Cottage. On Monday the Queen held a Council, at which were present the Prince of Wales, Lord Carlingford, President of the Council; Earl Sydney, G.C.B., Lord Steward; Earl Granville, K.G., Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs; and the Earl of Northbrook, G.S.I., First Lord of the Admiralty. Lord Carlingford and Earl Granville had audiences of her Majesty. General Guzman Blanco, late President of Venezuela, was introduced by Earl Granville, and presented his credentials as Minister for Venezuela. The Envoy from Costa Rica and the Envoy from Hayti were likewise introduced, and presented their credentials. Earl Cowley was introduced by Earl Sydney to an audience of the Queen, to deliver up the Badge of the Garter worn by his late father. Mr. Justice Alfred Wills and Mr. George Harrison, Lord Provost of Edinburgh, were introduced by Earl Sydney, and received the honour of knighthood. The Prince of Wales was present during all the audiences, and when the knighthoods were conferred. The Queen drove out in the afternoon, with the Crown Princess of Germany. Princess Beatrice met the Duchess of Edinburgh at Portsmouth, and accompanied her to Osborne in her Majesty's yacht Alberta. Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg dined with her Majesty and the Royal family in the evening. Earl Granville and the Bishop of Ripon had the honour of being invited. On Tuesday the Bishop of Ripon did homage, Earl Granville being present as Secretary of State. The Queen went out in the morning, and the Duchess of Edinburgh and Princess Beatrice visited the Prince and Princess of Wales on board the Osborne, and the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany at Osborne Cottage.

The Duchess of Albany is making a rapid recovery. The infant Duke of Albany was not quite well at the beginning of last week, and it was thought advisable to baptise him. He is, however, now going on quite satisfactorily. The baptism was performed by the Rev. Samuel Warren, Rector of Esher.

The King of Sweden, who arrived in Paris on Friday last week, called next day on President Grévy, his visit being returned in the afternoon at the Hôtel Continental, where his Majesty was staying. The King left in the evening for Dover. On Monday afternoon the King arrived in his yacht at Leith, and on Tuesday proceeded to Taymouth Castle, the seat of the Earl of Breadalbane.

Last Saturday afternoon the Lord Mayor, M.P., who was accompanied by the Lady Mayoress, distributed the prizes to the successful cadets on her Majesty's ship Worcester, otherwise the Thames Nautical Training College. The object of the college is to impart to "youths destined for the sea a sound mathematical and nautical education." There are now on board 133 cadets in training for the position of officers in the Royal Navy and the mercantile marine.

Sir Thomas Brassey, M.P., gave an address on Tuesday evening before the Portsmouth Liberal Association on the recent shipbuilding policy of the Government. He stated that the English ironclad navy actually ready for sea amounts to 329,520 tons; that of France to 201,789; Russia had 83,621 tons; Germany, 74,007; Austria, 63,110; and Italy, 59,905. He said that in unarmoured vessels we are very far ahead of the French, and gave detailed accounts of our expenditure on ships for the past few years and of its results.

The proceedings of the International Conference on Education, held during last week in the City and Guilds Institute, in connection with the Education Section of the Health Exhibition, were brought to a close last Saturday, with a general meeting, at which the majority of the English and foreign delegates were present. Lord Reay, President of the Conference, occupied the chair, and was supported by the vice-chairman and secretaries of sections. Votes of thanks were passed to the foreign delegates and to the eminent representatives of foreign Governments and of foreign education, who had contributed so largely to give to the Conference its international and its educational character.

The annual meeting of the Royal Archaeological Institute was held at Newcastle-on-Tyne last Saturday. Earl Percy, M.P., the President, occupied the chair, and among those present were Lord Aberdare, Baron Chosson, and Mr. Beresford-Hope, M.P. The annual report was approved. It was agreed the next annual gathering should be held at Derby. A discussion took place as to the opening of the temporary museum of the Black-gate on Sunday, and it was finally agreed that the museum should be open to members. In the afternoon two excursions were undertaken by the members—one to Monkwearmouth Church, believed to be the oldest Saxon church still in existence in the kingdom; the other to Ravensworth Castle, the seat of the Earl of Ravensworth. The thirty-ninth annual meeting of the Cambrian Archaeological Association will be held at Bala on the 18th inst. and the four following days. Sir Watkin Williams-Wynn is the president-elect.

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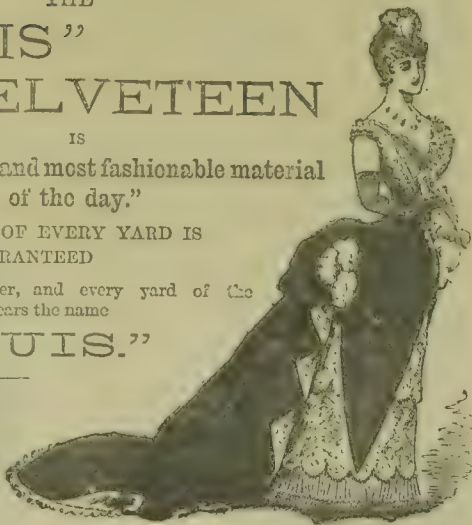
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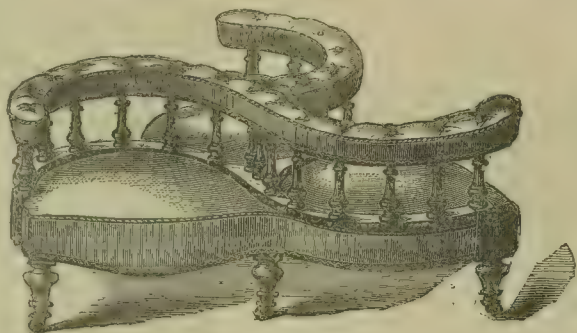
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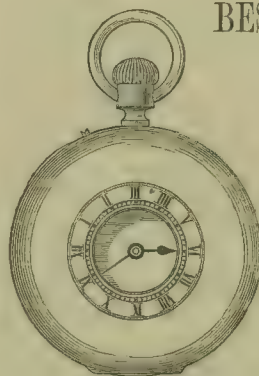
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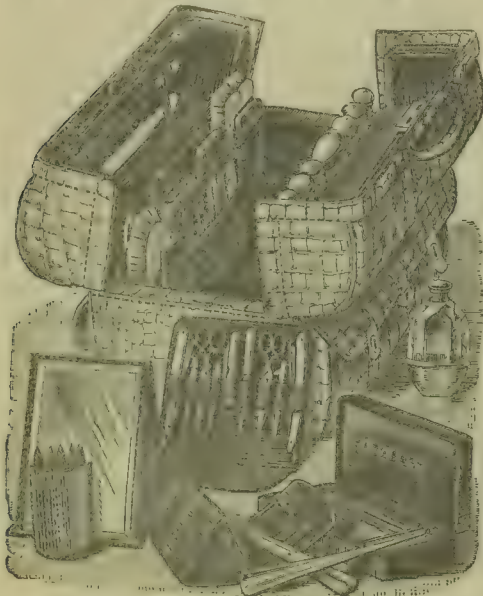
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SAD BUT TRUE.

THE HISTORY of MANKIND CONVINCES US that
disasters are in reality stepping-stones for higher progress. To prevent
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one can have a simpler and more efficient remedy. By its use the poison is
thrown off, and the blood restored to its healthy condition by natural means.
I used my FRUIT SALT freely in my last attack of fever, and I have
every reason to say it saved my life.—J. C. Eno.

NO TRAVELLER SHOULD LEAVE HOME

WITHOUT a SUPPLY of

ENO'S FRUIT SALT,

FOR by its use the most dangerous forms of FEVERS,
BLOOD POISONS, &c., are prevented and cured. It is, in truth, a
FAMILY MEDICINE CHEST in the simplest, yet most potent form.
Instead of being lowering to the system, this preparation is in the highest
degree invigorating. Its effect in relieving thirst, giving tone to the
system, and aiding digestion, is most striking.

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DRINKS, WANT of EXERCISE, &c., frequently produce biliousness,
headache, &c. A gentleman writes:—"I have used ENO'S FRUIT SALT
for six years, and I willingly endorse the statement that ENO'S FRUIT
SALT is imperatively necessary to the enjoyment of perfect health. By its
use many kinds of food will agree, which otherwise would produce
wretchedness."

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.—"A new invention is
brought before the public, and commands success. A score of abominable
imitations are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, in copy-
ing the original closely enough to deceive the public, and yet not so exactly
as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an
original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit."—ADAMS.

Prepared only at ENO'S FRUIT SALT WORKS, Hatcham, London, S.E., by J. C. Eno's Patent.

ZULU WAR.

SURVEYING the MAPUTA RIVER.

IMPORTANT to TRAVELLERS and

ALL LEAVING HOME for a CHANGE.

"Winchester, July 13, 1884.

"Sir,—I write to tell you what your FRUIT SALT has done for me.
"During the Zulu War, Consul O'Neill and myself had occasion to survey
the Maputa River. We had great difficulties in stowing sufficient fresh
water for our need, and were obliged, on our return, to drink the river
water—water, you may call it; but I call it liquid mud. Mud-banks both
sides, a tropical sun all day, and a miasmatic dew all night. We had the
good fortune, however, to have with us a couple of bottles of your invaluable
FRUIT SALT, and never took the 'water' without a judicious admixture
of it, and so did not suffer from the abominable concoction. Now, when we
arrived at Lorenzo Marquay there was no more FRUIT SALT to be ob-
tained. I was sent on to Durban, but poor Mr. O'Neill was on the flat of
his back with ague. At Durban I could only get one bottle, as everyone
was sold out, it being so much in demand.

"When I mention that we only went in a small boat with four nigg-
ers, and that two expeditions from men-of-war, with fully equipped boats, had
tried the survey before and only got forty miles (having lost the greater
part of their crews through the malaria), while we got over eighty miles, I
think I am only doing you justice in putting our success down to your
excellent preparation.

"I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

"A. LIEUTENANT ROYAL NAVY, F.R.G.S.

"To J. C. Eno, Esq., Hatcham, London, S.E."

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see that the
Capsule is marked "Eno's Fruit Salt." Without it, you have been
imposed upon by a worthless imitation.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS.

Directions in Sixteen Languages how to prevent Disease.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

The visit next week of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales to Newcastle-on-Tyne, where he will open the new Dock at Cobe Dene, constructed by the Tyne Commissioners opposite South Shields, near the mouth of the river, is a fit opportunity for us to give some illustrations of that important city and its neighbourhood, with a brief account of the interesting local features.

Newcastle, which has a population now exceeding one hundred and fifty thousand, has become the greatest commercial port on the north-east coast of England, in consequence of the bold and skilful works performed in the last quarter of a century for the improvement of the harbour and tidal river, and the creation of docks, piers, and railways, while the ship-building establishments at Jarrow and the trade of North and South Shields have been largely extended. But the historic antiquity of Newcastle is surpassed by few places in the North, its site being that of Pons Ælii, founded by the Romans in the time of Hadrian as a bridge fortress in connection with the prodigious rampart which crossed the whole breadth of Britain from the German Ocean to the Solway Firth. A Saxon village and a small monastery afterwards existed near here; but at the Norman Conquest, when all Northumbria was subdued by William, his son Robert erected in 1080 a "New Castle," which gave birth to the present town. It received liberal charters from the Norman and Plantagenet Kings; and the Mayoralty, with election by the burgesses, dates from the reign of Henry III. In 1400, by a charter of Henry IV., Newcastle was made a County, having a Lieutenant, Sheriff, and Magistrates of its own. It had been the head-quarters or base of military operations in the wars of Edward I., Edward II., and Edward III. against Scotland, and bore an important part in the Civil Wars of Charles I., who was here compelled, in 1648, to give himself up to the protection of the Scottish army, and was by them handed over to his enemies in England. The traveller arriving at Newcastle by railway, when he crosses the Tyne by the high-level bridge from Gateshead, at once sees close at hand two of the most ancient buildings, the Keep of the Norman Castle and the noble Gothic church of St. Nicholas. The Keep, which was built, it is known, between 1172 and 1177, is a mighty square pile, 97 ft. high, with walls 17 ft. thick at the base and 14 ft. above. It contains a Royal hall, 41 ft. high, a chapel, and several apartments of state, besides chambers, guard-rooms, and dungeons. The whole space inclosed in the Castle was three acres. The principal room on the second floor is now occupied by the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries, who have formed a valuable museum, and who, with their learned leader, the Rev. Dr. Collingwood Bruce, last week received the Royal Archaeological Institute. St. Nicholas' Church, a fine specimen of the Decorated style of architecture, with a beautiful steeple, of the Perpendicular style, upheld by four flying buttresses from the base of the four angle turrets, at the height of 193 ft., stands in a commanding situation, in the centre of the town. The modern buildings of Newcastle are stately and handsome; our illustrations show the New Free Library and the New Museum.

We shall have a further opportunity, next week, to notice some features of the town. It has its old-fashioned streets and houses still remaining, but chiefly of an eighteenth-century character, though a few relics of the Friars—Black, White, and Grey—or the sites and names of their habitations, may yet be found. "The Side" and "the Sandhill," going down to Quayside, are associated with many quaint stories, such as are cited in the biography of Lord Eldon, a famous son of Newcastle. The old Guildhall, about two centuries old, was erected on the Sandhill by "Robert Trollop, who made yon stones roll up." There are, or were, in that quarter of the town, some curious thoroughfares called "chares." A hundred years ago Newcastle was surrounded with gardens and pleasant meadows; John Wesley, in 1759, wrote in his Journal, "If I did not believe there was another world, I would spend all my summers here, for I know no place in Great Britain comparable to it for pleasantness." Jesmond Dene, a picturesque bit of rural land, with a lively brook and banks overgrown with shrubbery, was preserved and dedicated to public enjoyment by Sir William Armstrong in 1873. The Prince of Wales is now to be the guest of Sir William Armstrong at Cragside, near Rothbury, in Northumberland, of which mansion we present a view among our Engravings. It is unnecessary to say that Sir William Armstrong's great engineering factory and gun-foundry at Elswick, on the banks of the Tyne a short distance above Newcastle, is one of the most notable industrial establishments. The Tyne itself is worth a long journey to see. Its upper course, the North Tyne rising near the mountains of the Scottish Border, the South Tyne among the Cumberland Fells, flowing past wooded parks and noble moorlands down to Hexham, and through beautiful rural scenery below, is not excelled in manifold attractions by any English river. The lower part of its channel exhibits a wonderful proof of the results of local enterprise, science, and skill, in the creation of a first-rate water-way for shipping, which has been referred to, and to which the prosperity of Newcastle is mainly indebted. We will here only mention the construction of Northumberland Dock, completed in 1857, the removal of the Bar, and of the shoals in Shields Harbour, the removal of the old town bridge, superseded by the iron Swing Bridge in 1876, and the deepening of the river to 18 ft. at low spring tides, to a point three miles above Newcastle, with the cutting away of the cliff at Bill Point, for about 400 ft. back from the former projecting point. Large vessels, of 2000 tons burden, are thus enabled to come up the river. The new Cobe Dene Dock, from designs prepared by Mr. J. F. Ure and executed by Mr. P. J. Messent, engineers to the Tyne Commissioners, has an inclosed water-space of twenty-four acres, besides the basin and lock, with 2600 ft. length of quays, 157 acres of ground for wharves, and in front of the dock is a river-quay 900 ft. long, with deep water alongside. The number of large vessels cleared from the port in the year 1882 had amounted to 4827, having increased tenfold in twenty years, and there is likely to be a still greater increase. We present, with due congratulations, the Portraits of the Mayor of Newcastle, Dr. H. W. Newton, the Sheriff, Mr. T. Nelson, and the Town Clerk; as well as that of the Mayor of Tynemouth, Mr. John Hedley. Tynemouth, which lies rather outside the harbour, adjacent to North Shields, is an agreeable seaside resort, and is dignified by the ruins of its magnificent Priory upon the lofty cliff that overlooks the ocean. Tynemouth Castle has also a name in history. We have received an interesting local publication, entitled "Ralph Gardner and the Tyne," in which Mr. Thomas Clarke, of Chilton Lodge, relates the public-spirited actions of a valiant brewer, in the seventeenth century, who strove against the usurped authority of the Newcastle Corporation. The story is worthy of remembrance upon the occasion of next week, but there is happily no likelihood of an official quarrel between the towns of Newcastle and Tynemouth in the present day. The Corporations of Gateshead, Tynemouth, and South Shields, as well as of Newcastle, and the shipowners, coal-owners, and traders, are represented on the Tyne Improvement Board. Some additional illustrations will appear in our next.

NEW GALLERY OF GREEK SCULPTURE.

The new Gallery devoted to the systematic Collection of Casts from the Antique, procured and arranged by Mr. Walter Copland Perry for the Privy Council Committee of Education (Science and Art Department), was opened last week. Mr. Perry is the author of a "History of Greek and Roman Sculpture," published by Messrs. Longman two or three years ago, and has laboured with disinterested zeal, for a very long time past, in constant efforts to form the public taste for this interesting study, which he regards as a valuable aid to the true knowledge of ancient history and to the appreciation of classical literature. Though not an artist, but a scholar, he has an accurate critical acquaintance with the technical details of this branch of art, and has minutely examined, in the museums of Germany, Italy, and France, and in Modern Greece, all the remains of that wonderful series of works of sculpture, from the earliest rude attempts among the Doric and Ionian races, down to the latest productions under the Roman Empire, which will ever command the admiration of mankind. His book upon this great theme is certainly the most complete and precise account in English of the entire stock of such remains now existing scattered all over Europe, and of the incidental testimonies by ancient writers to what formerly existed; while it presents an historical, topographic, and technological classification which can hardly be superseded. With these attainments of exact learning no man could have been more fully qualified to perform the task intrusted to him by her Majesty's Government, in which he has had the willing co-operation of foreign archaeologists and directors of public Galleries of Art.

The Collection of Casts, numbering already some two hundred and fifty, of the size of the originals, is placed in a large and lofty hall adjacent to the Architectural Court. The descriptive Catalogue drawn up by Mr. Perry, with an introductory essay upon Hellenic Art, in which he reviews the progress of its different schools and periods, dwelling more especially on the Athenian, on that of the Alexandrian kingdoms, and on the eclectic school which flourished under the Romans, is worthy of an attentive perusal. Without this, it is to be feared that the majority of ordinary visitors to the South Kensington Museum will fail to gain from the collection much intellectual profit, however they may be gratified by the sight of many of the noblest figures representing the human form that have been produced by the greatest masters of the art. Little of this kind of pleasure, indeed, will be derived from the specimens of archaic or semi-barbarous workmanship that fill the left-hand side of the hall, but these are of much historical importance. The influence of Assyrian sculpture is recognised by introducing first a portion of the relief on the bronze bands of the Balawat gates, belonging to the ninth century before Christ, which are in the British Museum. The pair of lions on the gate of Mycenæ, an illustration of which, drawn on the spot by our own Artist, Mr. W. Simpson, appeared some years ago in this Journal, is the second object in the historical series. But visitors who love beauty and truth in Art, and who are indifferent to antiquarian curiosities, will prefer soon to quit the archaic side of the collection, and turn with delight to the perfect works of the renowned Athenian sculptors in the fifth century. Mr. Perry, however, has provided for the archaeologist and the student of art-history about sixty examples, including those from Ægina, of the earlier Greek sculpture. The fine single works of Myron and Polykleitos are next represented; and then we come to those grand and elaborate mythological compositions which adorned the temple of Zeus at Olympia, and which have recently been discovered by German researches; and of course, to those of the Parthenon at Athens, the Thesieon, the Temple of Nike Apteros, the Erechtheion, and other sacred edifices, presenting the highest attainments of ideal art. The later Attic school, its greatest names being Scopos and Praxiteles, aiming at the perfect representation of natural beauty, occupies an important place in this collection. The diverse styles of art prevailing in the energetic Greek communities of Asia Minor are illustrated by the sculptures of the Nereid monument at Xanthos; those of the Herion at a place now called Gjolbashi, in Lycia; and those of the Mausoleum at Halicarnassus. There are also the sculptures of the altar at Pergamon, in Mysia, copies of which Mr. Perry has obtained from the Berlin Museum. The remainder of the collection, gathered from the Museums of Rome, Naples, Florence, Paris, Dresden, and Munich, consists of a great variety of single statues and groups, and a few busts, which, however elegant, refined in conception, and skilful in execution, may be considered to have sprung from a dilettante taste under the Macedonian and the Roman Empires. The admirable portrait statues and busts, of different periods, some of which, including the statues of Sophocles, Demosthenes, and Æschines, hold a distinguished place in this Gallery, appeal to a very different feeling, and one more congenial, perhaps, to ordinary English minds. Mr. Perry has discharged the commission intrusted to him with so much judgment, knowledge, and fine taste, as well as diligence, that he has merited public thanks for a valuable addition to our means of studying the productions of Greek genius. The President and Vice-President of the Committee of Council on Education were among the earliest visitors at the private view on Friday week.

Thirty thousand pounds having been bequeathed by the late Mr. Stephen Blair for a convalescent hospital at Bolton, his native town, on condition that the land should be provided in a given time, Mr. James Knowles, J.P., has offered the site.

A literary and pictorial memorial of "Ye Olde London Streete," at the Health Exhibition is printed and published, for sixpence, by Messrs. Waterlow and Sons (Limited), of London Wall. The editor, Mr. T. Edmund Hake, has written some twenty-four pages of historical and descriptive commentary, which is well worth reading; and the wood-engravings, eleven in number, are neatly and correctly drawn.

The report of the Select Committee on Education, Science, and Art (Administration) has been issued. The committee are satisfied that under the present circumstances it would be undesirable to disturb the existing arrangements as to the Ministerial responsibility for primary education in Ireland, and are also of opinion that primary education in England and Scotland should be under the control of the same Minister. On the subject of the head of the Education Department of Great Britain the committee recommend that a Board of (or Committee of Council for) Education should be constituted under a president, who should be the real as well as the nominal Minister, in this respect holding a position like the President of the Board of Trade. With regard to endowed schools, he should be empowered to call on the governors to furnish such reports and information as he might require, and to direct any inquiries or inspection to be made which he may deem necessary; and the same powers should be granted him in regard to public schools, except as to direct inspection; and he should be authorised to require an annual report from the Universities in such form as he may order. The committee see no reason to disturb the existing arrangements as to the supervision of the Science and Art Department.

PARIS ON HORSEBACK.—No. I.

ILLUSTRATED BY "NIDRACH."

"Paris on Horseback"—Paris, that is to say, in the height of the season, as Paris was a few weeks ago—flits phantasmagorically across our Artist's page, though a blank sheet of paper might, perhaps, better represent the social aspect of the gayest capital in Europe at this present hour. For the Bois, so full yesterday, is empty to-day. These riders, sketched by a hand ever ready to shoot folly on the wing, have now ridden away in every direction. Some are bathing at Trouville; some are scaling peaks in the Engadine; some are yachting in the North Seas. The ten thousand "health-resorts" of Europe are gladdened by their presence, and the Champs Elysées and the Bois de Boulogne know them no more.

No seasoned Anglo-Parisian will need to be told that the personages represented in our group of illustrations are well-known *habitues* of the Hyde Park of Paris. Now, the *habitues* of the Bois may be classed under two heads—namely, those who ride for fresh air and exercise, and those who ride to see and be seen. The first affect the morning hours; the last make their appearance in the afternoon. The morning, moreover, is French; the afternoon is cosmopolitan. He who desires to see Parisian celebrities—the shining lights of the bar, the press, and the salon—must rise betimes and be out as early as themselves. Among the equestrians of the studio, Meissonier and Gérôme, Carolus Duran, Jacquet, Goubie, Chardin, and about half a dozen more, some well and some indifferently mounted, may be seen in the saddle daily. I should not be surprised if the familiar traits and picturesque "get-up" of certain of the best known among them were recognised in the group of equestrians at the bottom of our page of Sketches.

In the adjacent couple of figures we behold a pair of brothers, who appeared together every morning throughout last season with as much regularity as their planetary namesakes appear at night in the heavens. Dressed alike, mounted alike, each is so curiously the duplicate of the other in features, voice, and manner, that if the one were not big and burly, and the other small and slender, their own wives would not know them apart. Their very horses were alike and unlike in the same way, even to the cut of their tails!

No two men in Paris are better known by sight than the dissimilar pair at the top of the page. It would be difficult, even in the Bois, to select two men who are in all respects a greater contrast. One is a nobleman; the other is a commoner. One is an Englishman; the other is a Frenchman. One is thick-set, boorish, ill-dressed; the other is slender, aristocratic, faultlessly elegant. They are both old men. Adonis (by Paris wits dubbed "the Centaur") will never see his seventy-fifth birthday again, and Cymon is wellnigh eighty; but Adonis is a miracle of restoration, whereas Cymon is a ruin. Cymon's story has its touch of pathos. He is a sportsman to the backbone. His passion for horses and dogs, for the hunting-field and the race-course, led to the shipwreck of his fortune. Of his well-filled stables and populous kennel there now remain to him but one sturdy cob, and a couple of plebeian-looking bull-dogs. So poor is he in his old age, so fallen from his high estate, that he lives, it is said, in a garret; lodges his old cob better than he lodges himself; and is his own valet, groom, and housemaid. As for Adonis, he is a very gilded youth, indeed—for his years. He lives in a fashionable quarter; he is the joy of his tailor's heart; he is the pride of his hatter. Moreover, he is as methodical as he is beautiful. At five minutes to three p.m. his horse is brought round; and, punctual as the wooden cuckoo in a Swiss clock, he appears in the doorway at the first stroke of the hour. Then "he mounts and he rides away"; but only to the Champs Elysées. There, between the Place de la Concorde and the Arc de Triomphe, he is on view daily in the season, from three to five. His horse, of course, is a thoroughbred of the highest distinction, and his dogs are to Cymon's dogs as canine Hyperions to canine Satyrs. Say, gentlemen, most discerning, most intelligent of readers, which of these twain is the Englishman and which the Frenchman? Which is the nobleman and which the commoner? You cast a regretful glance at Adonis, while you reluctantly claim Cymon for your countryman. But you are mistaken. Cymon is the Frenchman. Cymon—poor, battered, ruined Cymon—is a Peer of France. Adonis, to whose brow blind Destiny denies the coronet for which Nature designed that feature—is plain Smith, Brown, Jones, or Robinson, and a born native of the British Isles.

The scene displayed in our Artist's principal Sketch is the Avenue de St. Cloud, leading from the Arc de Triomphe to the Bois de Boulogne. In the season and at the hour here depicted, it is crowded with riders and equipages, one half of whom are English and American. All the beauty and wealth of New York now dispute this gay thoroughfare with the rank of the Faubourg St. Germain and the fleeting riches of the Bourse. No toilettes equal those of our Transatlantic cousins; and the fair American is now more Parisian than the Parisienne herself. The tall lady in our illustration, whose little son bestrides a plump pony by her side, is, however, an Englishwoman. So is the little lady in the short habit riding with her thoroughly British father to the left. So too, alas! is the fair eccentricity in the steeple-crowned and much be-feathered hat, who has just driven her own high-stepping grey past the crack Yankee "whip" whose east trotter has all but run down an old lady and her pug. As for the four-in-hand which is coming along at a rattling pace yonder, it belongs, if I am not much mistaken, to a prominent and noble member of the famous Four-in-Hand Club.

Of all Paris sights and Paris promenades, the Champs Elysées, the Avenue, and the Bois change least with the flight of years. Old names are superseded, old historic streets are swept away, old buildings are restored till nothing of their antiquity is left; but in these well-beloved promenades it is only the living current that ebbs and flows, passes and changes, and is never the same. No man living knows Paris, its people, its visitors, its follies, its tragedies, better than he who calls himself "Nidrach," whose sketches it is my pleasant office to introduce to the English public. In his more serious moods, he is known by another name. I leave my readers to find it out, premising that before long Nidrach and his scribe will meet them again.

A. B. E.

The summer session of the Royal Agricultural College at Cirencester terminated on the 6th inst., when the diplomas, medals, certificates, and prizes won during the term by the students were distributed by Earl Bathurst, a member of the governing body. The principal, the Rev. J. B. McClellan, reported that the work done had been highly successful.

Last year an anonymous donor placed £10,000 at the disposal of the authorities for the establishment of a National Portrait Gallery for Scotland. A further sum of £20,000 has been now offered from the same source for the purpose of building or acquiring premises for the accommodation of the National Portrait Gallery and the Museum of Antiquities. It is stipulated that, in order to secure the gift, action must be taken before Sept. 1 next. The offer has been accepted, and the Government have agreed to grant a sum of £5000 in aid of the purchase of a site for the proposed gallery.



THE NEW COBLE DENE DOCK AT THE MOUTH OF THE TYNE.



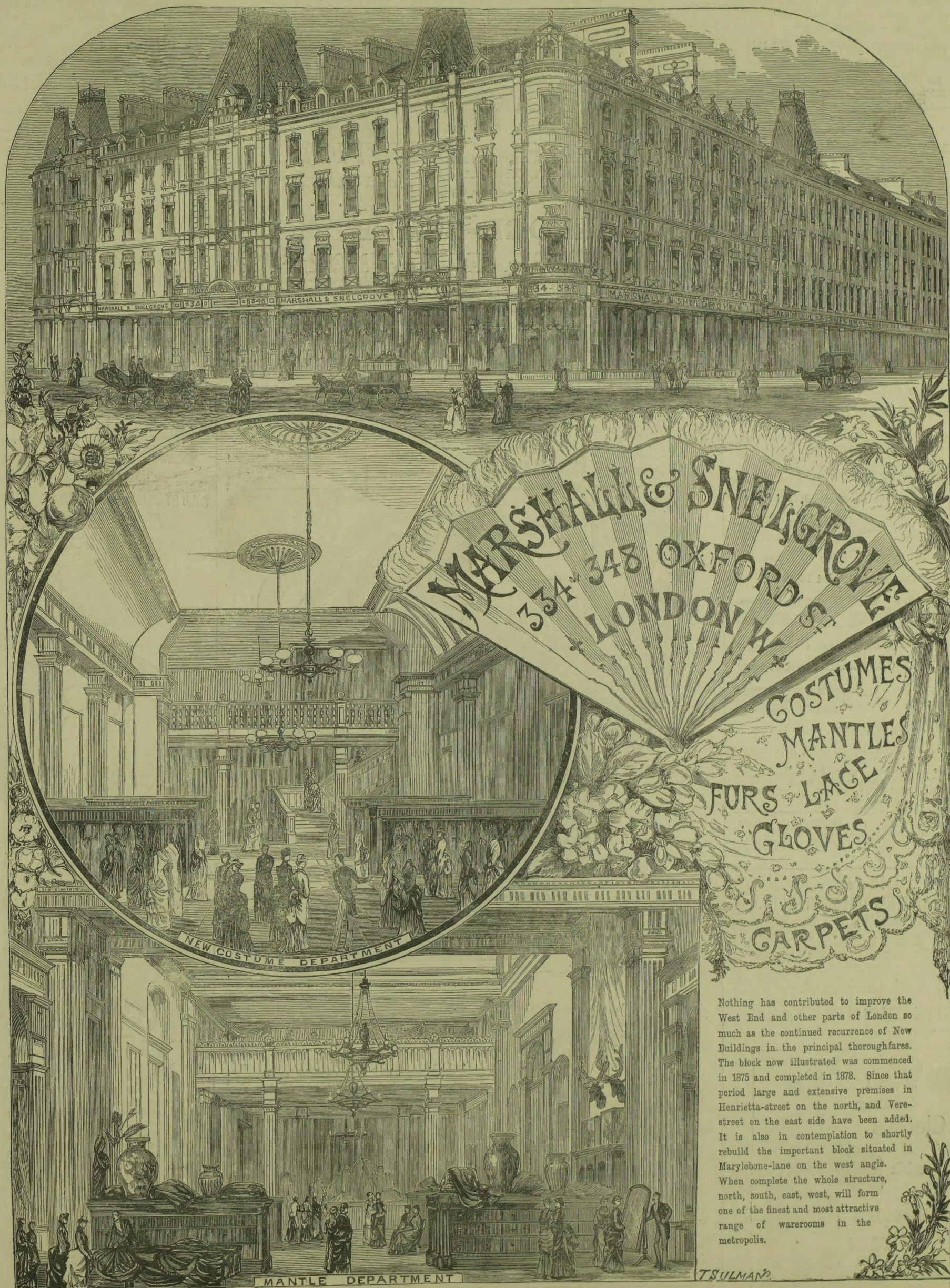
1. South Shields. 2. High and Low Lights, North Shields. 3. Collingwood Monument. 4. North Pier. 5. Ruins of Tynemouth Priory. 6. Tynemouth Lighthouse.

THE MOUTH OF THE TYNE.

THE VISIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES TO NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

HONITON LACE.

The Trades Union Congress will meet at Aberdeen on Monday, Sept. 8, and Lord Rosebery has consented to give an address on the following Wednesday.



Nothing has contributed to improve the West End and other parts of London so much as the continued recurrence of New Buildings in the principal thoroughfares. The block now illustrated was commenced in 1875 and completed in 1878. Since that period large and extensive premises in Henrietta-street on the north, and Vere-street on the east side have been added. It is also in contemplation to shortly rebuild the important block situated in Marylebone-lane on the west angle. When complete the whole structure, north, south, east, west, will form one of the finest and most attractive range of warerooms in the metropolis.

10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19 & 20, VERE-STREET; 334, 336, 338, 340, 342, 344, 346 & 348, OXFORD-STREET; 16, 17, 18, 19 & 20, HENRIETTA-STREET;
2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20 & 22, MARYLEBONE-LANE.

WITH BRANCHES AT SCARBOROUGH AND LEEDS, YORKSHIRE; AND AGENCIES IN PARIS, LYONS, AND BRUSSELS.

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SHOW-ROOMS, 81B, GT. PORTLAND-ST., W.

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GOUT AND RHEUMATISM.

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DRAWING-ROOM, STUDY, DINING-ROOM, BOUDOIR, and FOUR BED-ROOMS.



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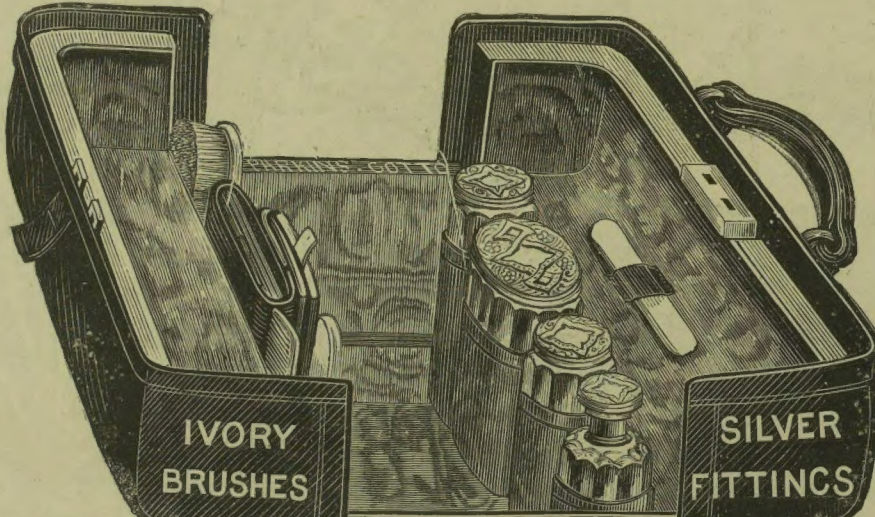
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DOUBLE KNEES.



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Invented in Leicester, Manufactured in Leicester, Sold by Adderly and Company, Leicester.

UNEQUALLED FOR HARD WEAR.

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LADIES' STOCKINGS. Under Vests and Combinations.

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BOYS' SAILOR SUITS. GIRLS' SAILOR SUITS. GENTS' HALF-HOSE. Under Vests and Pants, with Double Seats.

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N.B.—More than Five Hundred Ladies have written to us testifying to the excellence of our stockings, their superiority over any other make, and their joyful relief from at least one half the usual quantity of darning.

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THE OLDEST AND BEST.—"THE QUEEN"

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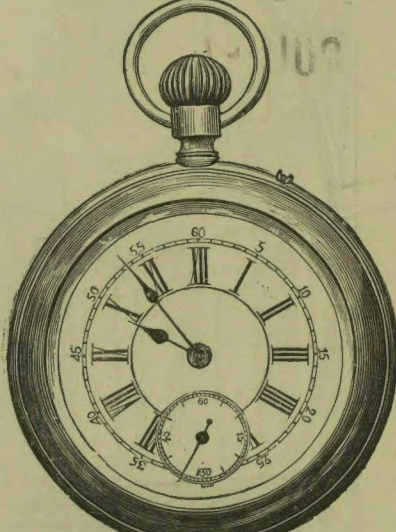
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